HARPER'S WEEKLY

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

VOL. XXXVI.—No. 1830.

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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JANUARY 16, 1892.

TEN CENTS A COPY.
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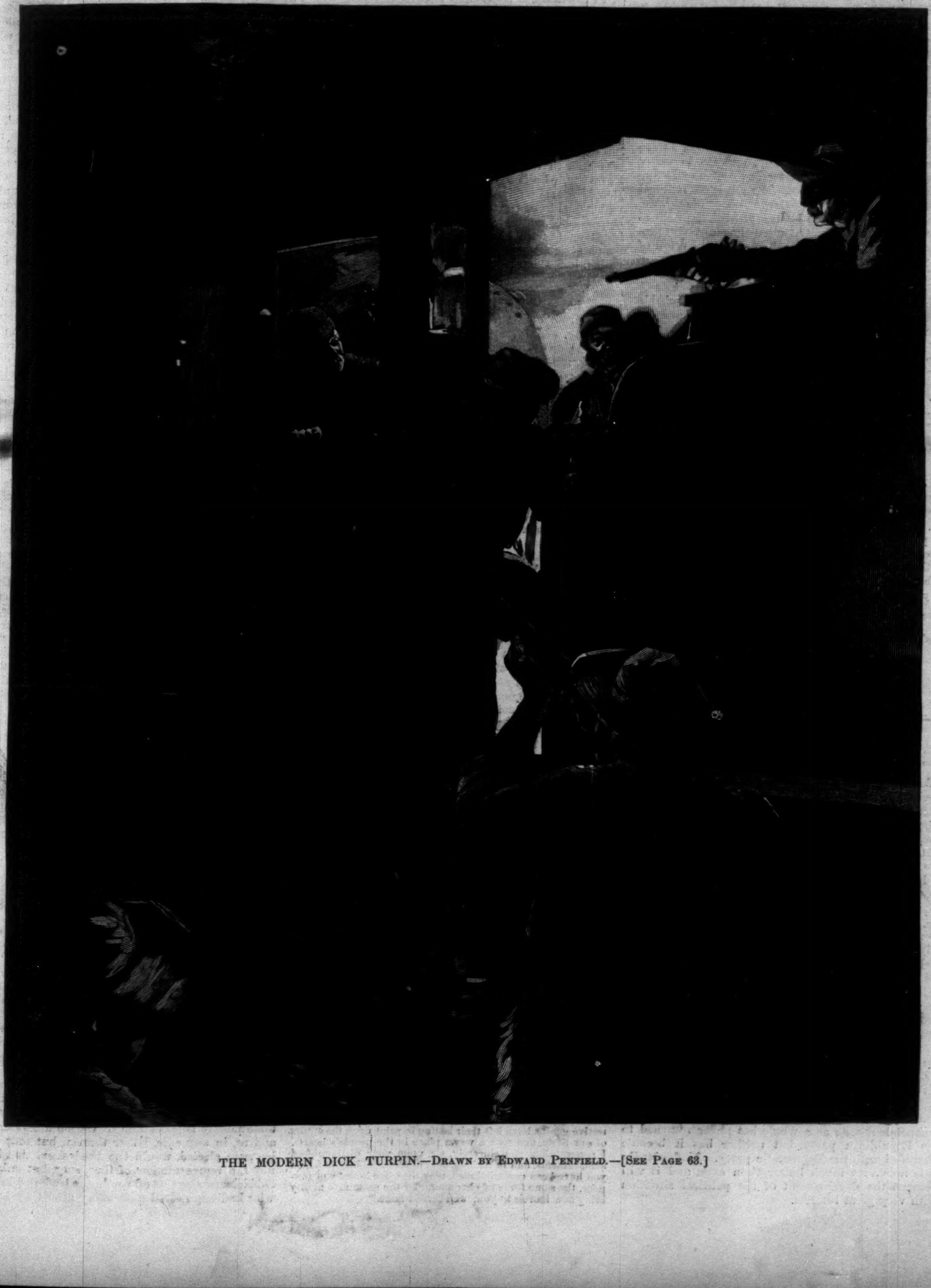

THE MODERN DICK TURPIN.—DRAWN BY EDWARD PENFIELD.—[SEE PAGE 63.]

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(TWENTY-FOUR PAGES.)

PUBLISHED

NEW YORK, JANUARY 16, 1892.

TERMS: 10 CENTS A COPY.—$4 00 A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

Subscriptions may begin with any Number.

1892.

THE political year opens obscurely, because although the Democrats have an immense majority in the House of Representatives, and the Republicans will undoubtedly nominate Mr. BLAINE for the Presidency unless he declines, yet there is widely diffused discontent. In the Democratic party it is due to the remarkable ascendency of Senator HILL, who, in the great State whose vote is regarded as decisive of the Democratic Presidential nomination if not of the election, has acquired absolute control of the party machine which will determine the action of the party in New York. On the Republican side the discontent is due to a similar cause—hostility to the present active leadership. If Messrs. HILL and GORMAN and Tammany Hall are distasteful to a certain body of Democrats, no less so are Messrs. QUAY, PLATT, CLARKSON, and Co. to many Republicans. The evident tendency of the Democratic party, now that success has put it off its good behavior, dissatisfies also a large independent vote, which is not conciliated by the present Republican leadership. This dissatisfaction has already produced a proposal and public discussion in Boston of the wisdom of a new party organization upon a platform of low tariff, honest currency, and civil service reform.

The obscurity is deepened by doubt of the probable action of the Democratic majority in the House of Representatives and in the State administration in New York. In Washington there will be probably some kind of tariff and currency legislation, and in New York a census of the State will be ordered as a basis of apportionment, which will be adjusted favorably to the Democratic party. Republican extravagance in Congress and doubtful Republican conduct in New York have given a great advantage of position to the Democratic party, and greatly impaired confidence in Republican honesty. There is no sincere party enthusiasm apparent anywhere. There are old Republicans who remember proudly, and young Democrats who hope earnestly, but there is no pride in the present attitude or tendency on either side. In fact, while important issues do not divide the parties, and the victory of a party, not the enforcement of a public principle, is the interest of an election, the situation is very much like that described by the Hon. Birdofredum Sawin more than forty years ago:

> "I've been a Wig three weeks myself, jest o' this mod'rate sort,
> An' don't find them an' Demmecrats so defferent ez I thought;
> They both act pooty much alike, an' push an' scrouge an' cus;
> They're like two pick-pockets in league for Uncle Samwell's pus;
> Each takes a side, an' then they squeeze the old man in between 'em,
> Turn all his pockets wrong side out, an' quick ez lightnin' clean 'em;
> To nary one on 'em I'd trust a secon'-handed rail
> No furder off 'an I could sling a bullock by the tail."

At the opening of the year it seems as if independent action in the national election would be determined largely by conditions which do not yet appear. So long as Mr. CLEVELAND apparently represented the real purpose of his party, independent sentiment in general was predisposed toward him. We say in general, because there were very decided and significant exceptions. But the fact that the actual and uncontested Democratic leadership is now shown to be opposed to the spirit and the views of Mr. CLEVELAND, naturally arrests such predisposition. It discloses a situation which might undoubtedly affect many independent votes even in the event of his nomination. His reform views, even upon the tariff, did not commend him to the warm or united loyalty of his party, and his nomination this year might be regarded by many voters as a mere stroke of supposed expediency, like that of HORACE GREELEY in 1872. That was not an honest nomination, because it did not represent the real spirit of the party that made it. The independent support of Mr. CLEVELAND in 1884 was not due to preference for his party, but to a conviction that his opponent ought to be defeated for other than party reasons, and to personal confidence in Mr. CLEVELAND. The independent vote as a whole has never returned to the Republican party, but neither has it become identified with the Democratic party. Undoubtedly it is now very much larger than ever, and it will observe the development of the political situation with very great interest.

NEW YORK POLITICS.

WE were mistaken in stating last week that the Court of Appeals referred the Dutchess County case to the discretion of the State Board of Canvassers. The Supreme Court had ordered the Board to disregard the MYLOD certificate, and consider only the returns which had the signature of the County Clerk and of the chairman of the county canvassers with the seal of the County Clerk. The Court of Appeals modified this order by striking out the requirement for the signatures and the seal, but directing that otherwise it should stand. This Court held that the MYLOD certificate was fraudulent and could not be canvassed, and that the State Board should canvass the true return, even if it did not come from the County Clerk. This order the Board disregarded. When it met, it was in possession of the orders of the Courts, and of the true return. But it proceeded to canvass the fraudulent MYLOD certificate, and issued a certificate of election to the person whom the members of the Board all knew not to be elected. They would not deny that they had the correct return, and certified what they knew to be false.

It was thus the State Board of Canvassers destroyed the safeguards that the forms of law throw about the electoral rights of the people, and this is the deed with which the accepted leader of the Democratic party in New York concluded his career as Governor and began that of Senator. The Republican Senators are reported to have decided not to take part in the organization of the Senate if Dr. EDWARDS, who had been elected as an independent Republican, should agree to act with them. He was understood to be threatened with political extinction if he did not consent; but he illustrated the value of independence and courage by preventing the Republicans from attempting to frustrate the organization which, had the attempt succeeded, would have defeated legislation, without benefit to anybody. The same independence on the part of other Republicans would help the party in public estimation by relieving it from boss rule. The Legislature organized promptly, heard the Governor's message, and took the first step toward enumeration and apportionment. Then Senator HILL, seeing that all his pins were properly set, and that the Legislature had adjourned, leaving his lieutenants in command, proceeded to Washington in excellent spirits.

But the Senator's departure was followed by a rumor that, having secured a Democratic Legislature, he proposes that the Presidential electors shall be chosen by the Legislature, and not by the popular vote. This is perfectly constitutional, and there is no doubt that if Senator HILL thinks the plan expedient he will carry it through the Legislature, and so secure the electoral vote of New York for the Democratic candidate. No Democratic leader since VAN BUREN has had so firm a hold of his party in the State. Should the scheme be carried out, it would be no longer doubtful that Mr. HILL would be the choice of the New York delegation in the Democratic Nominating Convention, and it is certainly not improbable that that fact, with the extraordinary prestige which he has already acquired in his party, would make him the candidate. It is very droll to read that this audacious proposition of Senator HILL has been called to the attention of those eminent Republican moralists Messrs. QUAY and DUDLEY, probably to remind all good citizens that such Republican leadership is the sole remaining guarantee of honest government.

THE GOVERNOR'S MESSAGE.

GOVERNOR FLOWER undoubtedly comes to the discharge of a very great duty with a sincere desire to promote the public welfare. He may count, we are sure, upon the sympathy of all good citizens, even of those who did not support his election, in his effort to accomplish his desire. But he will rightfully expect a frank and fearless criticism of his administration from those who are not under party bonds to praise or to defend it. The Governor has had little experience of State affairs, and must depend for aid and counsel upon others. These sources of advice will be naturally the chief recognized organization of the party in the seat of its power, Tammany Hall, and the retiring Governor, Senator HILL. To this gentleman, his predecessor, Governor FLOWER said, in his inaugural address:

> "I am sure I express the deep sense of both my own and my party's conviction when I say that to the popular confidence produced by your intelligent, economical, and honest administration of public affairs is largely due the emphatic declaration of the people last November against any transfer of political stewardship. They have found in you, their servant, a sturdy defender of constitutional rights; a resolute and consistent champion of home-rule; a wholesome example of honest and honorable partisanship; a faithful, able, and fearless Executive, whose bold personality and administrative genius have left their lasting imprint upon the affairs of our State, and won a warm place in the people's hearts. I congratulate you sincerely, sir, upon your distinguished achievements, and in the new field of responsibility to which you have been commissioned, may the same honesty of purpose, the same force of character, and the same rare ability bring new laurels to your well-earned fame."

At the feet of such a counsellor Governor FLOWER will undoubtedly gladly sit, and to make his seat more comfortable and convenient, Senator HILL has taken a house not far from the Capitol, where he will be doubtless in attendance during business hours. But the first stroke of business seems to have been transacted in the absence of Governor FLOWER on the Sunday before the meeting of the Legislature. The business was the settlement of the organization of that body, for the late Governor does not mean to leave either an inexperienced Legislature or Governor to go astray. He will provide for both. Evidently, however, he did not think it courteous to disturb the devotions of Governor FLOWER when Mr. EDWARD MURPHY, Lieutenant-Governor SHEEHAN, and Mr. RICHARD CROKER, the chief of Tammany Hall, were willing to forego the morning service in order to do a work of charity and mercy for a foundling Legislature.

The retiring Governor, however, could not have been wholly satisfied with the message of his successor. Governor FLOWER attacks elaborately the policy of State aid to university extension. But the law which authorizes it was passed unanimously by the Legislature, and promptly signed by Governor HILL. Governor FLOWER does not disapprove the project itself, of which, indeed, he speaks warmly, and he states without reserve the interest with which it has been received both here and in England, and the hearty approval and co-operation of the most eminent teachers and experts in popular education. But he thinks that before the State extends its aid to higher education, it should perfect the common-school system. When he says that State assistance to university extension is unwise in principle, we suppose him to mean that it "taxes the majority for the benefit of the few." But the policy of State aid to education rests upon the principle that such aid is in the interest of the State, and the State may rightfully determine how much aid and of what kind its interest demands. University extension is not a question of principle, but of expediency, as the Governor admits by saying that he is "aware that it has been the policy of the State to encourage higher education." The question is whether the State will not receive ample return for its appropriation. The Governor, upon the authority of experts, approves the "electrical execution" law, but recommends the repeal of the provision restricting the accounts in the press. In regard to the election law, he says only that he will approve any measure which will strengthen the law so as to make intimidation and bribery impossible. This, however, like his letter before the election, says nothing. The Governor's argument for enumeration and apportionment is sound, and his message is a creditable document.

PARTIES AND BOSSES.

THE Philadelphia *Press*, in commenting upon the delegation from Pennsylvania which is "slated" for the Republican National Convention, says that it does not represent the choice of the party voters; it is selected by Mr. QUAY or by his subordinates, subject to his approval. "No one could get on the slate whom Mr. QUAY did not want on, and no one would be allowed there whose course at Minneapolis Mr. QUAY did not feel confident would be in accord with his wishes.... Philadelphia [that is, the Republican party in the city].... is passive, abject, and slavish in its obedience to the particular boss of the hour, whose name is M. S. QUAY." It says also that the Republicans as a party do not send their "rubbish and slag" as delegates. "They are sent for them by the party bosses, and the rank and file have nothing to say about it, and their wishes are not considered." But when an exceedingly intelligent body of the rank and file refused to submit to the despotism of the boss, did the *Press* sustain their action? Mr. LODGE is reported to have said to Mr. ROOSEVELT, "A man can't be always running in and out of his party."

The Republican party in Pennsylvania is a purely voluntary association, like the Democratic party in New York. If Mr. QUAY is the supreme party boss in Pennsylvania, and Mr. HILL in New York, it is by the consent of the rank and file of the parties. If they did not choose to obey him, they would depose him. There is no allegation that the action of both of them is not "regular." The primaries are "regularly" called, the Conventions are "regularly" constituted, and the elections are "regularly" held. If the *Press* is dissatisfied, it must remember the familiar reproof which is always administered to the dissatisfied: "Parties are not composed of angels, and you can't expect always to have your own way in the party." If every slated delegation to Minneapolis were made up like that of Pennsylvania, which the *Press* says does not represent the party, and if in consequence the candidate nominated should not represent the choice of the party, the *Press* would undoubtedly support him as the regular candidate, and as, in any case, better than any Democrat. If he were elected, would the *Press* hold that he was not the representative of the party, but only of its rubbish and slag? And would the leaders, like QUAY, who had engineered the victory after they had won it, be instantly discredited and degraded as leaders? If not, the reason would be that the *Press*, and the whole body of the dissatisfied, by voting for the boss's candidate, had confirmed the boss's power.

The fact is undeniable that the successful bosses of a party represent the party. If Mr. Quay is able to select the party delegates and control the party elections, it is by the consent of the party, and it is idle to pick out some good man or good men in the party and call them the real party. If a party majority bedevils the currency, or sustains a canvassing board which defies the order of the highest court, and certifies the election of a candidate who was not elected, that majority is practically the party. The members of the party who acquiesce in such action are the rubbish and slag, and "of no account." Is it the Republican minority in Pennsylvania which is responsible for Mr. Quay, and which for years has been responsible for him? If so, the whole theory of party government is absurd. If the great body of self-respecting Republicans in Pennsylvania should resolve to depose Mr. Quay, they would of course do it. It is because they acquiesce that he is boss.

THE GARZA REVOLUTION.

The armed movement of what a Mexican manifesto calls "the frontier raider, Señor Catarino Garza," seems to have some political significance. Garza, like all such leaders, scorns the imputation that he is the chief of a band of organized ruffians seeking personal gratification and plunder. He is aroused by the misrule of Mexico, and is in arms against the tyrant Diaz. Another Mexican, Juan Centerne Flores, who is described as a prominent citizen of Monterey, has issued a manifesto, in which he says that "all that is lacking to secure the dethronement of the tyrant Diaz is for all the frontiersmen to rise together, and terminate the great work initiated by Catarino Garza." Señor Flores declares his belief that when the United States government understands the situation better, it will "protest against those exaggerated laws of neutrality which amount to nothing when placed before the cry of a nation seeking liberty." Garza himself shows the loftiest disregard of the exaggerated laws of neutrality. His stronghold is in Texas, about a hundred miles from the Rio Grande, in a wild, woody, and very thinly settled border country of about the extent of "two or three average States of the Union."

Our military forces are doing their duty bravely and effectively under the direction of General David O. Stanley, commander of the department. There have been several engagements with the Garza raiders, and it is hoped that they will be soon under control, although it is computed that a force of 10,000 troops is necessary to "round up the scattered revolutionists." The people of the border region, both Mexicans and Americans, are said to be in sympathy with the raiders, and the duty of our troops is very severe. The movement is justified by Garza by the tyranny of Diaz. His specific charges are dismissal of Ministers who do not obsequiously obey the despot; his enormous wealth, the result of oppression and corruption; and a system of religious persecution which has earned for the tyrant the hatred of every good churchman and priest. The question whether it was not an insurrection of the clerical party, and sustained by their money, Garza declined to answer. He contented himself with saying that it was a popular movement aimed at the head of the tyrant, and would certainly end in his downfall.

This is one of the revolutionary attempts with which the name of Mexico is identified. Mexican politics is a phrase which describes revolutionary politics, and the history of the country is a tale of incessant trouble. There is no charm in the name republic to secure a peaceful and just administration. Successful popular government requires not only intelligence, but a high degree of civilization, and the ability of multitudes of men to restrain their passions and trust to the slower and defined methods of law. It implies also the moral perception that corruption of every kind is fatal to the public welfare, and the consequent selection of honest public officers. The overthrow of a monarchy and the proclamation of a republic does not secure peace or honest government, as Mexico has incessantly shown. If the raider Garza should overthrow the government of Diaz, Garza would soon be the "tyrant" against whom a new Señor Flores would fulminate his manifesto. It is not revolution, but the ability to organize for legal redress, which seems to be the want of our southern neighbors.

A PUBLIC LOSS.

It is undoubtedly desirable that there should be a definite party responsibility for the State administration, of course under strictly legal forms. But one of the most unfortunate results of the late election in this State which secures such responsibility is the retirement of Mr. Draper, the Superintendent of Public Instruction. Without discrediting his predecessors, it is unquestionably true that the office has never been more ably and, for the State, beneficially held than by the retiring Superintendent. His executive force and great intelligence were known, and they have been displayed most happily in the administration of the Educational Department.

The Superintendency of Public Instruction is one of the most vitally important interests of the State; and the great praise of Mr. Draper is that he has raised the standard of primary education in New York by methods so wise and practical that they are sure to be permanent. This he has accomplished not only by a definite system of uniform examinations for teachers, but by arousing local interest in proper care and respect for the school-houses, promoting a pleasant observance of Arbor day, and stimulating pride in the general condition of the schools. He has been no perfunctory agent listlessly discharging his duty, but the whole energy of his nature he has given to his work, and he has been a model of an efficient public officer. Mr. Draper's system of uniform examinations for school-teachers is the most signal reform of recent years in the school system; not only does it secure qualified teachers, but it prevents the appointment of incompetent teachers. Of eighty thousand candidates examined in the last four years, twenty thousand were found to be unworthy of a license, and under the old system every one of them might have obtained a certificate and have underbid qualified teachers. This is a very great result to have achieved, and it was possible only for a man who to thorough comprehension of the situation added vigorous persistence, tact, and personal power.

The school and its supervision is a public interest which should be kept zealously from sectarian taint and party control. Politics should have no more influence in the school system than in the gas or water supply of a great city. But until the public has the courage of its common-sense, and takes the superintendency of public schools out of politics, we shall continue to see such spectacles as the retirement, in the prime of his powers and with invaluable experience, of the fittest man in the State for the superintendence of schools, because upon certain points of public policy, which have no concern whatever with the public-school system, he differs in opinion from the majority of the Legislature.

THE FAMINE IN RUSSIA.

The latest letters from Europe describe the famine in Russia as likely to be one of the greatest calamities of modern times. One correspondent says that in the province of Samara one-half of the population, not less than 1,250,000 persons, are literally dying of starvation, and Levasseur, the great French chemist, has calculated that to supply the deficiency in thirteen provinces, 6500 ships must be employed carrying 128,000,000 hectoliters of grain, a quantity which would cost $300,800,000. But this assumes an honest administration and prompt distribution. The government, however, has neither the money nor the means of transportation to the 5,400,000 houses in want of food.

Yet had it the grain and the transport, it is now evident that official corruption would not be checked even by the horrors of the famine. The whole subscription of St. Petersburg for its own poor has been stolen, and the 15,000,000 pounds of rye flour which have been bought for relief, prove to be so adulterated as to be uneatable, and in parts poisonous. Meanwhile the Hebrew exodus continues, and Baron Hirsch and the other leading Hebrews in England are trying to turn the emigration toward the United States, as England is already overstocked with laborers.

In New York it is now computed that there are 250,000 Hebrews, and there is a growing feeling in regard to the immense accession of foreigners to the population. But the calamity which threatens Russia is startling, and if the accounts are accurate, the aid of every civilized country will be necessary to mitigate an awful catastrophe. The deaf-and-dumb system of government, the silence which is everywhere rigorously enforced in Russia for political reasons, and which prevents precise knowledge of the actual situation, makes it still more deplorable. The figures already quoted and the stories of fearful destitution recall the worst tales of the kind in history, and are but hints of the horrors of suffering. The President has sent a message to Congress stating that in the grain-producing States of the West, contributions of grain have been made, probably sufficient to fill a ship, and recommending that should enough be offered, a vessel be chartered, and the gift despatched under charge of a naval officer. Senator Washburne introduced a joint resolution to that effect, and it was adopted in the Senate by a vote of 40 to 9. In the House, upon Mr. Holman's motion, the appropriation was stricken out by a vote of 133 to 60, and the motion of Mr. Breckinridge, of Arkansas, to postpone was adopted by a vote of 166 to 70.

GEOGRAPHICAL APPLIANCES.

This is an awkward phrase, but it describes a most interesting and valuable and, in this country, unprecedented collection of all the best devices for promoting the study of geography, such as wall maps, relief maps, globes, atlases, views, diagrams, photographs, models, text-books, and whatever else is serviceable in this study. In Switzerland the shaded relief maps used in the schools give the best possible idea of the country, and the elaborate single sheet maps, showing the Alpine range from the Mediterranean to the plains of Hungary, are exceedingly vivid and picturesque.

To these may be added the pictorial illustrations in the form of colored diagrams of the Himalayas, of the Riesengebirge in central Germany, and of the Yosemite Valley in our Sierra Nevada, with models of entire Italy and of the neighborhoods of Rome and Naples. There are lessons of the comparative anatomy of countries in a model, illustrating the well-perfected drainage of an old river system, and another of the amorphous and confused natural drainage system of a country which has been covered with a glacier. The first is furnished by the highlands of the Carolinas, the second by Canada and New England.

Such are but specimens of this remarkable, interesting, and valuable collection of the Brooklyn Institute now on exhibition until January 25th, in the old Arsenal Building at the Central Park. Its exhibition last year in Boston, under the auspices of the whole school and educational interest, excited very general attention, and under similar auspices it is now in New York. The City Superintendent has called to it the especial attention of teachers, and the schools visit it with natural eagerness and pleasure. It is a comprehensive and admirable display of the immense resources of the modern school in the prosecution of this fascinating study.

PERSONAL.

The death of ex-Postmaster-General Creswell leaves General Schofield, Hamilton Fish, George S. Boutwell, E. Rockwood Hoar, and ex-Secretary Robeson as the prominent surviving members of Grant's cabinet. Only one of these men, General Schofield, now at the head of the army, is as conspicuous in the public eye as he was in those times as Secretary of War. Judge Hoar lives a retired life at Concord, hardly known by the present generation, whose interest centres in his son, Representative Sherman Hoar. Ex-Secretary Hamilton Fish is passing his declining years at his home on the Hudson, a vigorous and keen-minded man of more than eighty. Robeson is still a figure of more or less prominence in public life. Boutwell has lived in Washington of recent years, where his law practice brings him good returns. He is a man of social leanings, noted for his Chesterfieldian manners and his always correct attire.

—Survivors of the charge of the Light Brigade are few enough to make the fact noteworthy that Sergeant John Levich, of Indianapolis, is one of the gallant Six Hundred who withstood the murderous fire of the Russian guns. He wears one of the silver medals with four clasps, representing Alma, Balaklava, Inkerman, and Sevastopol, which the Queen gave those who returned from the Crimea. Sergeant Levich says that the only other participant in the famous attack who came to the United States was Michael Lehan, who died in Pittsburg a few years ago. The claim is made, however, that Thomas Day, a farmer, living now near Vevay, Indiana, was one of the historic battalion.

—Gladstone has never used tobacco. He drinks very little—so little, indeed, for a British statesman, as to amount almost to abstinence. A glass of bitter beer at luncheon, and a glass of claret or port at dinner, form the limit of his indulgence in stimulants. What an anchorite they would have thought him in the days of Pitt and Fox and the three-bottle prime ministers!

—One of the most observed of the participants in the ceremonies attending the inauguration of Governor Flower was Bishop Doane, who furnished the prayer that preceded the speeches. The bishop affects the ultra-Anglican style of clerical costume. He wears knee-breeches and silk stockings, with a closely buttoned coat of broadcloth, and a cape of the same material. His head-covering is the historic palmer's hat, with the brim tied up with strips of ribbon, and suspended from his neck by a thin chain of gold is a golden crucifix. Altogether he is a most picturesque dignitary of the church, whether on the street or in his pulpit. When he appeared on the avenue last winter even the omnibus-drivers pulled up to look at him, which illustrates the freedom of America. In London a man can wear what he pleases, and no one turns to observe him; here he is jeered at if he ventures to move ever so slightly from the beaten path the tailors have laid down. That is democracy.

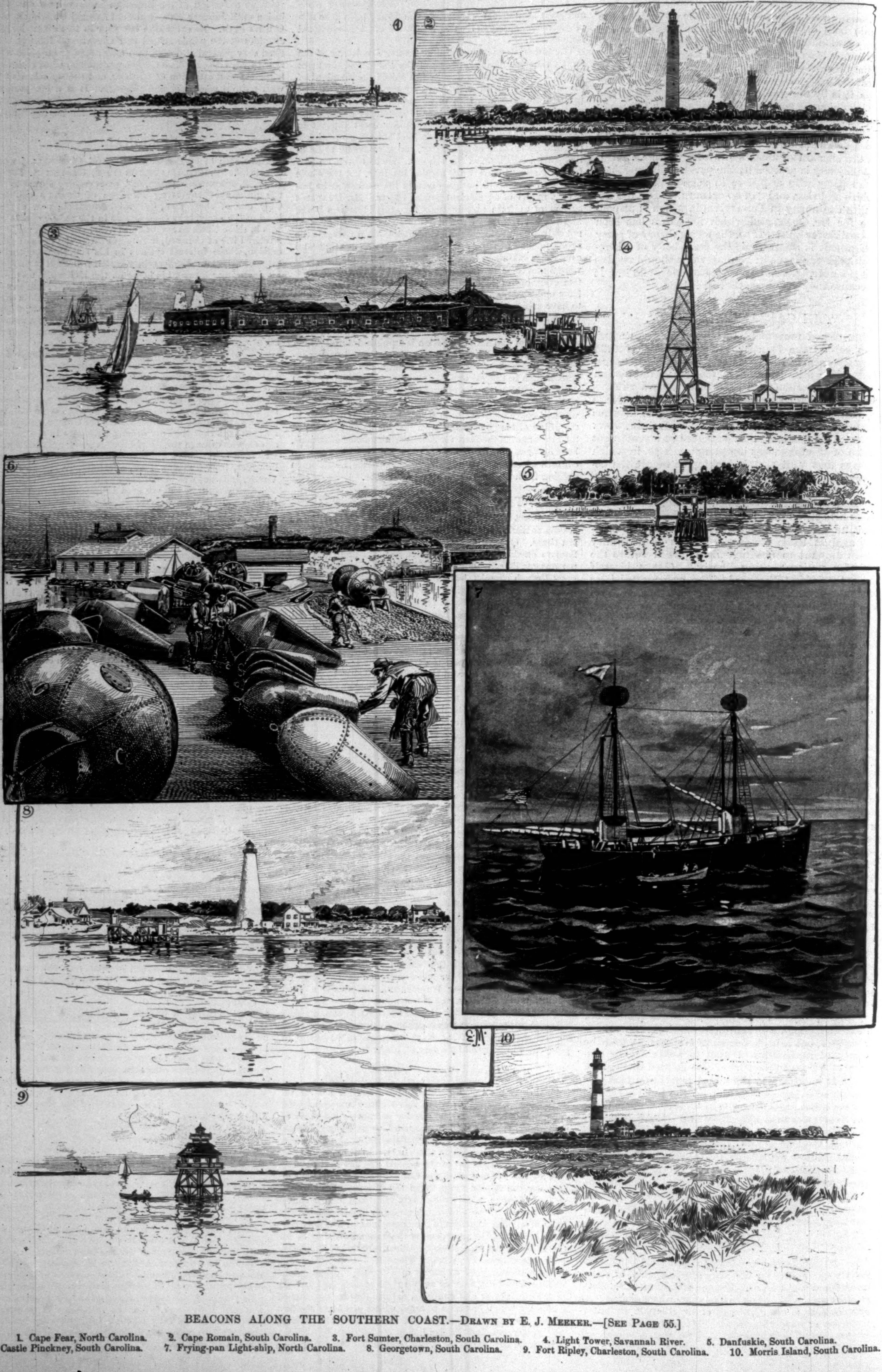
—Mounet-Sully, the great French tragedian, has become so troubled by defective vision that he is almost blind. He is barely able to see his fellow-actors on the stage, and the glare of the foot-lights affects him painfully. A correspondent writes that he heard the actor say to Mlle. Reichemberg at rehearsal, "Are you near the table or the sofa?"

—The author of the article on the "United States Revenue Marine" which appeared in the last number of Harper's Weekly was credited to the navy, and not to the revenue-marine service, to which he belongs. In asking for a correction of this typographical error the author says: "The officers of the revenue marine, numbering as they do only about 200, can ill afford to lose their identity, and it is with every respect and admiration for the navy proper that I say I am too devotedly attached to my own corps to wish to be considered on rolls other than those of the revenue marine. I respectfully request that the mistake in question be rectified.—Very truly yours, Godfrey L. Carden, Lieutenant, U. S. R. M."

—Since Dom Pedro's death the most interesting of the "Kings in exile" in Europe is ex-King Francis of Spain. In every way he is quite unlike the Brazilian monarch, for he is so small in stature that he seems almost to be a dwarf, and he is not noted for any nobility of mind. He lives at Épinay, apart from his wife, ex-Queen Isabella, who occupies a handsome mansion near the Arc de Triomphe. Francis is said to be one of the meanest of men, while Isabella, despite all her faults and the stains on her character, is popular in Paris, because of her hospitality and kindness of heart.

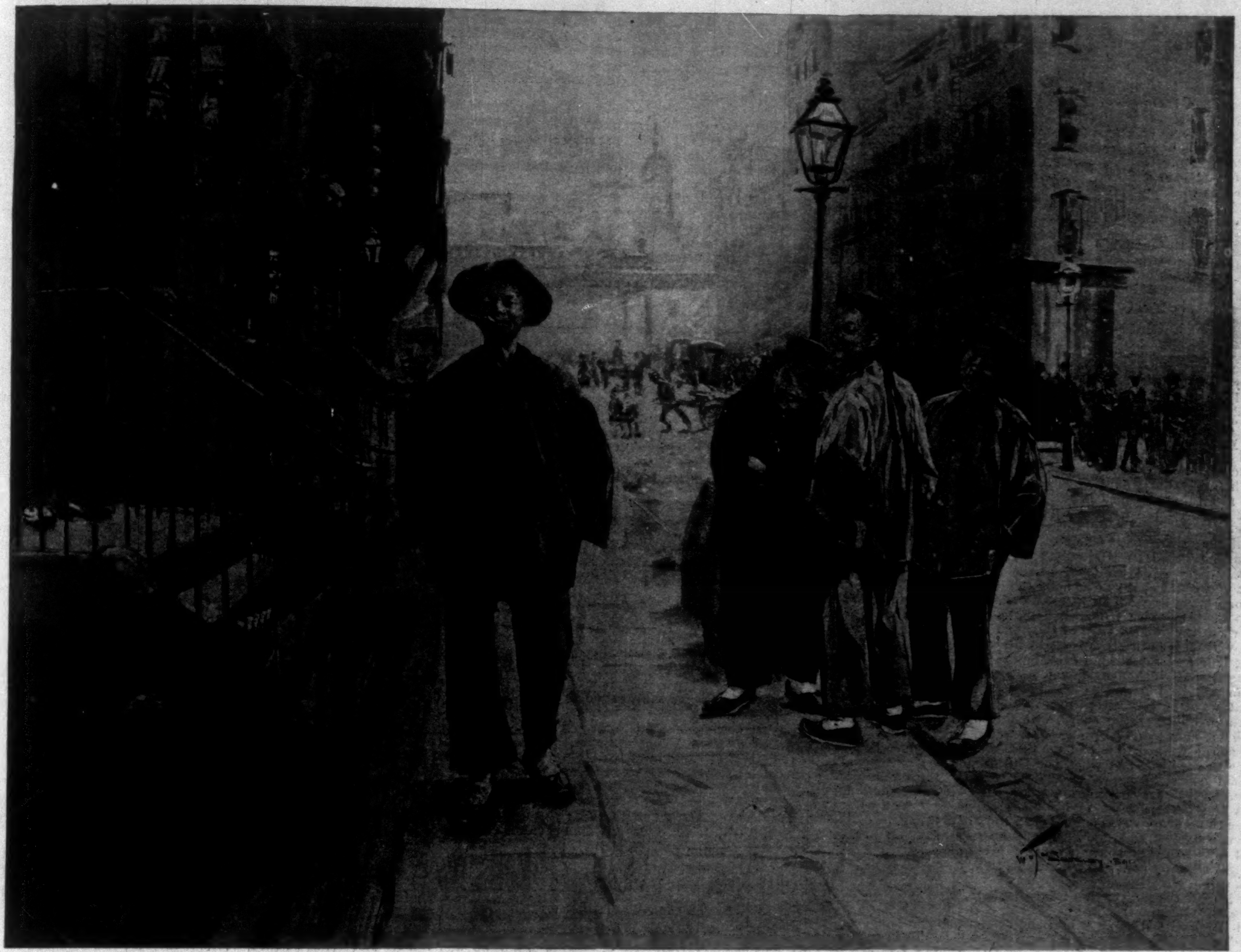
—The daughter of Osman Pasha, the hero of Plevna, has become somewhat famous in Turkey of recent years for her poetical gifts. She lives on the heights of Pera, in a house that overlooks the blue Bosporus and the minarets of Constantinople, where every prospect pleases, and there is enough of poetry in the scenery to inspire even a prose writer. Though one of the Sultan's subjects, she has a great fondness for the civilization of western Europe, and is well versed in the languages and literatures of Germany, France, and England. She is young, not more than twenty-eight, but as she was married to a rich nobleman when only thirteen, her view of life has been extensive.

—The Rev. Samuel A. Eliot, who succeeds to the Rev. Brooke Hereford's pulpit in Boston, is one of the youngest of the prominent divines of the country. He is but twenty-nine years old, and is the second son of President Eliot of Harvard University, whom he resembles in personal appearance. He is fully six feet tall, and very erect. For the last two years Mr. Eliot has been pastor of Unity Church, in Denver.



BEACONS ALONG THE SOUTHERN COAST.—Drawn by E. J. Meeker.—[See Page 55.]

1. Cape Fear, North Carolina. 2. Cape Romain, South Carolina. 3. Fort Sumter, Charleston, South Carolina. 4. Light Tower, Savannah River. 5. Danfuskie, South Carolina. 6. Castle Pinckney, South Carolina. 7. Frying-pan Light-ship, North Carolina. 8. Georgetown, South Carolina. 9. Fort Ripley, Charleston, South Carolina. 10. Morris Island, South Carolina.



THE WIFE OF FOO JUNG.

BY FRED A. WILSON.

IT served Foo Jung right, they all said. He ought to have known better than to take that white woman as his wife. No good ever came of such things; and they, the clever ones, had known it and prophesied it all along. And now, when Foo Jung came to them for cash and consolation, they crossed their fingers at him, and laughed and mocked.

It wasn't a very long story they told to the stranger ones who wanted to know why Foo Jung had gone crazy, and why the foreign devils had taken him away, like a bag of rice, to the place across the river, where they kept mad folks and criminals like wild beasts. They told it in the temple on meeting days; they talked of it in the back rooms of the grocery stores on Mott Street; and it was even discussed over the fan-tan tables, which shows it must have been of very great interest.

They called Foo Jung ts'uung-ming when he first came to the Eastern country, because whatever he touched turned shiny, like gold. He came with nothing, and he walked down Mott Street like a man who had been out in the weather so long he had turned rusty. His queue was dull black, like the hair of a dead man, and his sandals were ragged. No one looked at him except to laugh and jeer. Even his own countrymen cried out, "What fruit is this dropped over-ripe from a new tree among us?" But he paid no attention to them. He walked into Hi Quong's yat bunlow like a man who had plenty of money. He walked to where Hi was writing, and he watched the big diamond on the finger of the restaurant-keeper change color three times, then he spoke:

"I am hungry."

"This is the place for hungry men to come to," said Hi, without looking up.

"I am hungry, and I have no cash," said Foo Jung, as he picked the nail of his forefinger, like a man who knows not what to expect.

Then Hi looked up, and saw who it was had come into his place. "Why should I feed you if you have no cash?" he asked, sharply. "Can I buy chue-yok without cash, or can I buy fon without it? Do you think I live that I may make beggars' paunches stick out like the stomach of a mandarin?"

Then here is where Foo Jung first showed he was clever. He took two steps backward, put his hands behind him, like a man who is afraid of contracting disease by the touch, and said, "You are Hi Quong?"

"Yes," answered the other.

"You come from Foo-Chow?"

"Yes. What of it?"

"Your mother bade me say when I left she hoped you were well and happy. I told her I would embrace you when we met. I shall tell her when I write that I did not carry her message because, evil having crossed my path and made me poor, you turned me out in the street, like an evil one. I shall tell her you have become like the men in whose country you live; that you have cast out your Sheung-tai, and worship only the yellow cash. All of this I shall tell her. I go now to find men better, more faithful, than you."

He took two more steps backward, this time toward the door which led into the street. This showed that Foo Jung was a clever one; for, in truth, he had never been nearer Foo-Chow than Kwang-Tung. But he had talked with a man from the beautiful city, and had stored his mind up to his own advantage. When he had spoken, Hi Quong climbed down from off the high stool upon which he sat, and he walked around the end of the counter. Foo Jung stood like a man who is irresolute.

"What more did my mother say?" Hi Quong asked.

Like a maiden who is being wooed, the rusty-looking one told many things. He conjured up details in his own mind, and he told a long story to Hi Quong. Any one could have seen how it would end. Back to the big table in the corner the rusty one was taken, and soon there was brought out the finest dishes, the best of wines, chow gai pen, which is the tender breast of chicken stewed with aromatic herbs, and bambo shoots, and no mi t'san, the liquor which is made from the best crop of the rice. How the rusty one feasted! He cleaned off the dishes one by one until they were polished, and as often as his mouth was empty he would tell Hi Quong lies about Foo-Chow; and Hi Quong believed, for it was a great many years since he had left his native town.

When the rusty one had finished, when he had eaten so much that he was like a fowl ready for the killing, he wiped his mouth off with the back of his hand, and went with the Foo-Chow man to the counter where the cash drawer was kept. Out of the drawer Hi counted silver—enough for new clothes, enough for new sandals, some for a new hat, and two bits as a fee to the barber.

"You will never regret this," said Foo Jung; but he chuckled to himself.

He lighted a cigarette, and went out with his head up in the air, like a man who has nothing to fear and who wants for nothing. He walked slowly down the street, and made eyes and showed his teeth to the idle ones who stood in the doorways. He rattled the silver in his pocket, and blew the cigarette smoke up in the air.

"The rusty one has his head in the clouds," said one, "but his feet are in the gutter." But Foo Jung paid no attention to that.

On Mott Street, half-way from Pell Street to the Square, on that side where the sun shines in the mornings, Foo Jung stopped and looked. He was opposite a cellar. The white sign of a faan-t'aan koon hung over the door, and the sound of copper cash came up the steps. The silver in Foo Jung's pocket danced around as if it were bewitched. Away back in Kwang-Tung they had called Foo Jung a great player. He knew all the tricks of the fan-tan men, and when he heard the cash, he was tempted. A man came up out of the cellar.

"Good brother," he said, "come down among friends and make your fortune." He thought Foo Jung was a laundry-man from the country.

"I will go down and make my fortune," said Foo Jung. "Do you pay when you lose?"

"Yes; and sometimes we pay double if you play ho-ts'oi."

Down the nine stone steps went Foo Jung, counting the steps as he went, for he believed in signs.

"Come up, brother; here's a lucky place for you," said another man, while two of the players looked at each other like men who suspect something, and the play began.

All that day Hi Quong waited in the yat bunlow for his new friend, but he might as well have saved himself the trouble, for he waited in vain. The night came, the dingy lamps were lighted, all the stools in the restaurant were full, and Foo Jung had not come. The big clock back of the counter showed midnight when Foo Jung walked in carelessly.

"Ah, my friend," he said, "have I been away too long?" Then he leaned up against the counter and laughed. He had the same old clothes on. "I have not been to the tailor's yet, nor to the barber's, but I will go to-morrow if you will let me lie down."

Hi Quong took him into the back room and showed him a place to sleep. Then he went back to the counter wondering. Presently Chew Chung, the man who kept the fan-tan shop in the cellar, came in.

"Who is that man?" he asked.

"He comes from the town I was born in, and brought me a message from my mother," answered Hi Quong.

"Yes, and he has taken every tael I had. He gambles like a devil—as if he could look into the future."

The result of this was that next day Chew Chung came around to the yat bunlow to see Foo Jung. He went into the little back room and talked a long while with him, and when he came out they were partners, and had agreed to start a new faan-t'aan koon. Foo Jung held his head up higher than ever after that, and when his story came out, from calling him the rusty one, they took to calling him the clever one, and from showing their teeth at him, they were only too glad if he even so much as looked at them.

That was the first; and because Foo Jung was so clever, he became popular. He made money, had his queue oiled every day, and went to live in a room full of bronzes and hung with shiny silks, which whispered to themselves when they were touched. No one could beat him at the wonderful game of fan-tan, and no one ever tried except those poor fellows from the country who came in Sunday nights, and lost a month's wages at one sweep to him. But even they liked him a little bit, because, when he had won all their money, he would pretend to show them some of his tricks, he would give them good advice, and always enough money to go home. But even by this the clever Foo Jung profited marvellously. The poor fellows to whom he showed tricks would show these same tricks to their friends, who would go to Foo Jung's to win money. But it always turned out the same way, and when they too had lost all their money, Foo Jung would come up behind them, and say, while he rubbed his hands together:

"That was a very good trick, my friends; but you did not play it quite right. Now I will show you how to win"; and he would pretend to show them.

Then they, too, would go away, not feeling bad at all that they had lost to such a man. But that isn't the main story at all, for if Foo Jung had gone right along like that he would be a rich man in China to-day, instead of behind bars like a wild beast.

One night, when the players were so few that you could count them upon the fingers of one hand, he went in to see Jew Tseng, who kept an opien tsit around the corner. He was sitting on the edge of the bunk talking, when there came in a woman with wong-shik hair and round blue eyes, unlike anything Foo Jung had ever seen before. In an instant he felt that he was smitten. A great wave of love swept over him, like a warm wind from the south, which brings with it strange sweet perfumes. He watched her as she walked to one of the little rooms quite unattended; and when she had disappeared inside, he began to ask his friend about her. Jew Tseng knew nothing, except that the woman came to his place about three times every week, bought shap fuun of opien, cooked it, and smoked it all alone in that little room; and then, strangest part of all, got right up and walked away as steady as a priest.

"It is not the yen-yen that brings her here," he said; "because she does not act as if she had the habit. She pays me; she smokes; that's all I know. I tend to my own affairs."

That was the evil night for Foo Jung, they said in Mott Street when this came out. If any of his friends wanted to find him, instead of going to the fan-tan house, they went to Jew Tseng's. He was always there, watching and waiting for that woman with the yellow hair and the blue eyes. Once he had spoken to her, but she looked at him so fiercely that her eyes seemed to turn almost black. He was persistent, and at last he won. She actually spoke to him. She got so she used to say, "Hello, John!" whenever she came in.

To which he responded, with a beaming face and treble voice, "Hi lo ho-t'ai yat."

He had been almost ready to go back to China, but he forgot all about that now. If he could only marry this beautiful woman, he would never want to go across the sea. He must get her something to show he loved her. So he went out one day and bought a ring. It had a diamond in it as big as the one Hi Quong wore, and when she came one night, he stopped her in the passageway, and handed to her, with a formal salaam, after the manner of the men of his country, the pink box which held the gem. She had taken it first as if she were afraid, like a child. He had told her, in his broken English, to open it and look. She had obeyed, and when she saw that big glittering stone, shining like a magic eye, she gave a little scream of delight, and he was more than satisfied.

Step by step he won his way until he was almost sure of his ground. She came oftener, and she used to stop and talk with him awhile before she went into the little room. He tried to reform her once by saying, "Opien, him no good, ha?"

But at this she had only laughed.

He even went so far as to go and see a minister, and ask him how much it cost to marry a "Melican gal"; but the minister had asked him so many questions that he had run away.

It was the talk of the quarter. The clever one, who could beat any one at fan-tan, had been captured body and soul by one of the women of the foreign devils, and, worst of all, he wanted to marry her. He wanted to renounce his country. Wong Foo, the learned one, the venerable one, who was the chosen adviser of all his countrymen in the quarter, talked with him, but he might as well have tried to hold wind in his hand.

One night, dressed in his best silks, Foo Jung made up his mind to ask this girl to be his wife. He was at the joint a long while before she came, and his friend, Jew Tseng, noticed he was uneasy. She came, smiling. In his own language Foo Jung called her his sun-burst. She stopped to talk to him. He held out his shaking, trembling hand to her. She took it, and he felt a thrill go through him. He wasted no time in words.

"You mally me?" he asked, right before them all.

Jew Tseng looked up; some of the fiends, half in the clutches of the opium, raised their heads drowsily.

"Hully gee!" ejaculated a girl with red hair; "what's this?"

The young woman with the yellow hair must have been expecting something like this, because she didn't hesitate long, but burst out, "Yes, John; I'll marry you."

The knowing ones prophesied bad luck. They said nothing good could come of such a thing as this. But nothing could turn the clever one. There was a stir in the quarter, as if a chill wind had suddenly been blown out of a summer sky. Foo Jung's friends did not know exactly how it came about, but they did know that he became as a child in the hands of this yellow-haired woman. What she told him to do, that he did without question. He sold his share in the gambling-house for cash. He sold everything he had. He took his money out of the bank, and put it in a black bag, which he tied about his waist. Together—he and the girl—they went to see a minister. He did not look like a minister to Foo Jung; but she said he was, and he gave him fifty dollars to get ready to marry them. The day came. They were to be married in a house uptown. They went in.

"Take hold of hands," said the minister.

And Foo Jung reached out and took her hand. He had an idea that he was very happy, and that it was a very important occasion.

"You're married," said the minister, who leaned over and kissed the girl and laughed, while Foo Jung looked on and wondered if that was right.

"Give her your money, to show you ain't afraid to trust her," said the minister.

The Chinaman did not quite understand until she held out her hand and pointed to the black bag. Then he took it from his belt and gave it to her.

"Go and sign your name in the book in the other room," the minister said.

The girl went in, while the clever one stood around, not knowing what to do with himself. After a while another man came into the room. He walked over to where Foo Jung stood.

"You wife go Mott Street," he said, imitating the pidgin-English of a Chinese. "She say you go meet her Mott Street." He took Foo Jung to the door, and in a minute the clever one was on the street.

It took him an hour to walk down to Mott Street, for he had no money. He went to Jew Tseng's. She was not there. He searched everywhere, but it was as if she had never existed. He tried to find the place where he had been married, but he might as well have tried to find a star in the sky while the sun was shining. He went to the room where he had lived. There was nothing left but a paper Joss, which hung on the wall between the two windows. He sat on the bare floor and looked at it steadily, trying to think of what to do. He saw the green eyes move about in the pink head. They rolled so violently it made him dizzy. Then the arm which held the yellow sword was raised. The head of the Joss bobbed forward three times.

"You're a cursed one," screamed Foo Jung; and he would have made at the paper which hung on the wall, but he was afraid.

Those on the floor below heard a crashing of glass, and a noise as of some heavy body falling repeatedly. They rushed up stairs, opened the door, and peered in. What they saw made them retreat down stairs like sheep before a herder. The news spread like water running down hill. The clever one had a curse upon him, and foam was coming out of his mouth. They grouped in the doorway, talking excitedly, and looking fearfully up the dark stairs.

A policeman came along slowly, swinging his club. "What's the matter with you fellows?" he asked.

"Foo Jung—up there," was all they could say.

"A fight, ha? Well, I just guess I'll go up."

He started slowly through the hallway, when he heard a noise up above. Then came a shriek as if a soul had just been doomed to punishment. There was a clattering on the stairs, as of bricks tumbling down. The policeman stepped one side and looked. A man with ragged and torn clothes was coming down, rushing. He had in his hands the fragment of a paper Joss, which he was tearing into still smaller fragments. He reached the bottom of the stairs and shrieked again. The policeman raised his club, and brought it down with force upon the queued head, and Foo Jung tumbled over in the passage, while the blood streamed out from a big cut. The ambulance which came took away a raving maniac who wanted to kill himself.

They say down in Mott Street now that no man is clever enough for a woman.

THAT MAN FATE OF TROOP E.

BY THOMAS WINTHROP HALL.

THAT man Fate of Troop E was the reigning mystery at Fort Apache. A frontier post without a mystery would hardly accord with army customs, would be dull to officers and men alike, and would positively be shunned by the officers' wives. So it was not surprising that Apache should have its mystery. The only thing uncommon about it was the fact that in this case the mystery was a real *bona fide* mystery. It was an actual entity, not a creature of post gossip, and did not even need the aid of the imagination of the cooks and house-maids on the "back line." For this reason Apache was a post of great interest to all the other posts in the Department of Arizona, and whenever the telegraph operator at any one of them (most potent disburser of gossip in all Uncle Sam's army) received the unofficial message from the man at Apache, "That man Fate of Troop E is drunk again," there was immediately a noticeable atmosphere of interest at the said other post, and the wives of the subalterns would meet in the centre of the "front line" (each one on the way to tell the others about it), and declare that they did wish the General would transfer their troop to Apache. In the mean time the inhabitants of Apache remained serene, happy, and possessed of a certain cheerful sense of superiority in the matter of mysteries over all the rest of them. The only thing that ever disturbed them was the fact that try as they would, they could not unravel their mystery, but perhaps this was just as well, for if they could have done so there would no longer have been any mystery, and without it what would have been life at Fort Apache?

He was always called "that man Fate." The other men were called Smith, Jones, and Robinson, but Fate needed a distinguishing if not distinguished handle to his name in the eyes of the post people, so they fell into the habit of calling him "that man Fate." That Fate was not his name was very apparent, but as many men enlist under obviously fictitious names, nothing was thought of this except the singularity of his choice. He must have been thinking about Fate in no cheerful mood, they all agreed, when he chose it. He no sooner made his appearance in Troop E as a recruit than he made an impression. He was distractingly handsome, and more than that his face bore the indelible marks of aristocratic breeding. It took the Second Lieutenant of the said Troop E just one short conversation to become convinced that Fate had been born and bred a gentleman, and had been educated as such to the highest degree. Upon the report of the Lieutenant to this effect, Fate was immediately called before the commanding officer and questioned as to his antecedents, but his answers were vague and unsatisfactory to such an extent that the good old Major knew he was lying. For some reason or other, the Major did not tell him that he was lying, though, as he would bluffly have told most of the men. In fact in his own heart he felt that the man was a gentleman in spite of his position, and he had an unconscious respect for the feeling. Of course every one knew that something was wrong with the man, but as they could not find out what it was, they did the next best thing—they waited.

They did not have to wait long. On his very first pay-day Fate occupied a cell in the guard-house, charged by the Captain of his company with being drunk. The kind-hearted Major gave him a lecture the next morning, and let him off. He tried to get Fate to say he was sorry, but the man was obstinately uncommunicative. He went back to his troop, though, and behaved himself until the next pay-day. Then he got drunk again. This time the Major let army justice take its course, and Fate spent a month in the guard-house at hard labor. It was noticed by every one on the post, however (army people are great for noticing things), that during that month the Major declined to have any of the prisoners brought near his quarters, and that whenever he saw a squad of them, he deliberately made a detour, and got out of their way. Every one knew then (for army people are great at drawing deductions) that the Major was interested in that man Fate. No one was surprised, therefore, that the Major and the Captain of Troop E should be engaged in a long conversation the night before Fate was to be released from his hard labor and restored to duty, and no one was surprised a week or so later when Fate was made a Corporal. The Major was at his old trick (a dear old trick that had made many a good soldier out of a bad one) of appealing to the man's pride by giving him the chevrons of a non-commissioned officer, and the responsibilities. It didn't work, though, at all.

The very next pay-day Fate was the occupant of the guard-house, chevrons and all. Then began a struggle that lasted for over three years between the Major and Fate. Sometimes the Major got the best of it, and Fate would go over a pay-day without getting drunk. Then he would be promptly rewarded with chevrons and the Major's good graces. Oftener he would yield to his temptations, and then the Major, like a good soldier, would see that he was properly punished. It began to be a matter of interest to the whole regiment. Some of the officers and more of the ladies of the regiment declared their belief in the report that Fate had told his mystery to the Major, and that the Major was interested in him on that account. Those who knew the Major better, though, said it was merely the Major's well-known weakness for trying to reform men who were going as fast as they could to a disagreeable place. Some of them tried to worm the secret out of the Major's wife, but that good lady knew as little as they did themselves. There was one curious fact that they did find out from her, though, and that was the fact that Fate always obstinately refused to promise to abstain from drink when the Major urged him to do so. This had made the Major, who was always finding something good in the character of every man, believe that if he could ever get that promise from Fate, it would be kept. And the Major tried patiently, but unsuccessfully, to do it.

A time came at last when it seemed that Fate had reformed of his own free will. He had been an actual four months out of the guard-house, and, with the color back in his cheeks, and a new uniform on, decorated with the yellow stripes of a corporal, he looked the handsomest and finest soldier in the regiment. The Major was tickled to death, and was unusually gracious to the Captain of Troop E, for the Captain had rather demurred of late to keeping the man longer in his troop. It did seem as though the Major had reformed another man. It was just at this time that Jack Chamberlain, the First Lieutenant of Troop E, went off on a leave of absence, and, to the surprise of the garrison, brought back with him when he came a wife. They were due to arrive the day after the announcement cards were received at the post, and every one joined in to give the bride an army welcome. She was a Miss Fanny Walters, of Cleveland, or had been, so the cards said, but that was all that was known about her. One of the youngsters had an impression that he had heard of her, and that if she were the one he had heard of, Jack was very fortunate, for she was quite wealthy.

There was no time to buy wedding presents, but some cozy quarters were fitted up for the couple in a great hurry, each family on the post lending something or other in the way of furniture, and the afternoon of the day the bride arrived, the men of Troop E turned out, and gathered a clothes-basket full of magnificent wild flowers from the valley of the White River, a few miles below the post. In the evening, at the impromptu reception, they were sent over from the barracks to the new quarters in charge of a deputation of Troop E men. That man Fate was at the head of the deputation, of course, and it was he who was to make the presentation speech. Even the officers had a good deal of curiosity to hear what he would say. They were all in the little parlor—they and their wives—when the men knocked at the door and were received by the groom. That man Fate never looked handsomer in his life than when he walked into the parlor at the head of the deputation. He was a little embarrassed, though, and looked as though he were thinking of a time when he had been more accustomed to parlors and the association of ladies and gentlemen. He did not take his eyes from the floor until he reached the actual words of presentation, however. It was a pretty speech too. Something to the effect that gold reminded one of mercenary things, and silver of gray hairs, but that flowers reminded one of youth and beauty, etc. He got through with this part of his speech with tremendous success, but he did not finish it, for, singular coincidence that it was, just as he looked up with the words, "And therefore to you, madame," on his lips, the bride fainted in the arms of the Major, who was standing behind her (it was not noticed that he had walked around to her side just in time), and he himself turned as pale as a corpse, and staggered as though he had been shot. No one noticed him, however, unless it were the Major, for all the rest had turned quickly toward the fainting woman.

"Poor little girl," said the groom, "it is the excitement and the journey."

"Of course it is," said the Major's wife. "We must put her to bed."

In the mean time the deputation from Troop E had, as one of them afterward remarked, "retreated in good order."

The Major was a very thoughtful man when he walked home that night, and he was so preoccupied after guard mount the next morning that he did not seem to heed the report of the old Officer of the Day to the effect that "that man Fate got drunk again last night, crazy drunk, and I had to lock him up." Some way or other he got his wife to join a party of officers and their wives who were going for an all-day picnic in the two ambulances, and then he ordered the release of that man Fate, and had him brought as usual over to his own quarters. When Fate arrived, the Major did not treat him as he usually did when the man had been drinking. He did not even look at him reproachfully. He made him lie down and sleep off the effects of his spree. Then late in the afternoon he called him down to his room, and bade him sit down. He did not ask him any questions, though. He did not need to. Fate silently handed him some papers. One of them was a crumpled note in a woman's handwriting. The ink on it had hardly turned black yet, and the paper was unsoiled. It was in a handwriting that the Major did not know, too, and the Major knew the handwriting of every one on the post, saving only the bride of Lieutenant

Chambers. The note was not addressed and unsigned. It read:

"For Heaven's sake, what shall I do? He does not know that you were the man I was divorced from, although he knows all the rest of the story. I did not want *all* of your money. I was sorry afterward that I ever asked for alimony. I know now that you loved me. Is your love still strong enough to help me? I cannot stand it unless you go away."

The other papers were photographs of the bride taken years before, and on them was written in a masculine hand—that man Fate's, the Major recognized at once—"My Fanny."

The Captain of Troop E was quite breathless the next morning when he rushed down to the Major's quarters and reported the desertion of that man Fate.

"Deserted, has he?" asked the Major, grimly.

"Yes, Major. I suppose that you wish me to pursue him. I understand that he has stolen your own horse, and has got a good start, but I think we can capture him."

"It is hardly worth while. Did he take any of the government property?"

"No; apparently nothing."

"Well, I guess we'll let him go, then. If he is on my horse, he has reached the railroad by this time, and he is out of reach."

"But we can telegraph—"

"That will do, Captain. I think we are well rid of him."

The Major had a harder time of it, though, with his wife.

"I have never found you incomprehensible before, Edward, and we have been married nearly thirty years," said his wife. "Why in the world do you take so little interest in the capture of that man Fate? He has stolen your horse and saddle, and—"

"No, my dear, he did not steal my horse and saddle. I gave them to him, and I also gave him my revolver and some money."

"And why did you do that, Edward?"

"To reward him for his efforts to brace up, and because last night I finally got his promise, on his word of honor, that he would never drink again."

"And he turns around and rewards you by deserting, Edward?"

"Apparently so."

"Edward," said the good wife of the Major, "your confidence in men is sometimes appalling."

"I suppose so," replied the Major, meekly.

"It's too bad that he has deserted," she continued. "Why, Mrs. Chamberlain had already taken a fancy to him, and her influence over him might have been for the good. She was quite overcome when she heard of his desertion—just after making such a pretty speech to her for the men of the troop. It's too bad."

"Yes, my dear," answered the Major, "it's too bad."

BEACONS OF THE SUNNY SEAS.

Lights along the shore have been used from the earliest days, mention of them being made by Herodotus, the father of historians. Among those of ancient times the most renowned was the Pharos of Alexandria, which was finished 280 B.C. It was 400 feet high, and was visible forty-one miles. After sending its light across the water for many long years, it was finally destroyed by an earthquake, the exact date of its destruction being unknown.

Of those of more modern times the Eddystone is the best known, and much has been written concerning it. Founded upon the solid rock, it has stood firmly in its place for more than a century, and successfully resisted the stormy waves which have constantly dashed against its base. The first light-house erected on this spot was built in 1696, and was destroyed by a storm in 1703. It was rebuilt in 1709, destroyed by fire in 1755, and rebuilt in 1756.

In this country the erection of light-houses was begun by the colonies nearly two centuries ago, the first being built on Little Brewster Island, at the entrance of Boston Harbor, in 1716. This was followed by others, and in 1789, when they were ceded to the general government, it is known that they existed at Portland, Newburyport, Cape Ann, Boston, Plymouth, Nantucket, Newport, New London, New York, capes of the Delaware, capes of the Chesapeake, port of Charleston, and at the mouth of the Savannah River. Most of these were small and unsubstantial structures, which have been replaced by others, larger and of better construction, and the number has been constantly increased, as the needs of navigation and commerce required, until to-day there are hundreds, besides thousands of lights of lesser degree.

The coasts of the United States are divided into sixteen districts, to each of which is assigned an inspector, who is detailed from the office of army engineers and the navy, and whose term of service in this capacity is three years. The inspectors are made the disbursing officers of the government, and though no bonds are required, and hundreds of thousands of dollars pass through their hands annually, it can be said to their honor that not a dollar has ever been misappropriated. While in other countries a tax is laid upon vessels to sustain the expense of keeping up the light stations, in the United States an appropriation is made by Congress, and the light-house system is a branch of the Treasury Department. It is made the duty of the inspector to visit every light station in his district four times a year, and to report its condition to the Light-house Board. These visits are made without notice to the keeper, who must see that his lights and station are in constant good order. Each district is supplied with a steam-vessel, on which the inspector makes his tours, and which is also charged with the duty of looking after the buoys and other aids to navigation.

Light-houses are usually constructed of stone or brick, and are placed upon as solid a foundation as can be secured. The homes of the keepers are built at a convenient distance, though occasionally these are portions of the light-houses themselves. Much ingenuity has been exercised by architects and engineers to vary as much as possible the form and shape of the light-houses, the object being to indicate to mariners at a distance upon the ocean the name of the station by its appearance. They are painted in various ways, and every practicable device is resorted to that this object may be accomplished.

The towers and beacons are sometimes made of wood or iron, and in the former provision is made for hoisting the light every evening, thus relieving the keeper of the necessity of mounting to the top twice a day, as must be done in the light-houses, the lamps being lighted at sundown and extinguished at sunrise. Oil is almost the universal illuminant. Experiments have been made with electricity and gas, and at least one station has been lighted with natural gas; but these are only exceptional, nearly all the stations using a high grade of kerosene oil.

Among the sixteen districts into which our coasts are divided, the most extensive and one of the most interesting is the sixth, which reaches from the mouth of the Cape Fear River (North Carolina) to Jupiter Inlet (Florida), and includes the coasts of South Carolina and Georgia, and parts of North Carolina and Florida, the upper portion of the former being included in the fifth district, and the lower portion of the latter in the seventh. The duties of inspector of this district are now ably discharged by Commander James G. Green, United States navy, to whom I am indebted for many courtesies during my voyage among the light-houses of his district. The government vessel, the *Wistaria*, is commanded by Captain Henry Brown, an efficient officer, and a veteran of the civil war.

The thousands who annually make the trip to and from Florida by steamer find themselves, soon after passing stormy Hatteras (which has a light-house measuring 191 feet in height), within the bounds of the sixth district, and see, after nightfall, the flashing lights—some red, some white—along the shores, while during the day they may occasionally catch a view of the tall towers, standing in solitary grandeur as mile-posts along the way. On some the lights are "fixed" red or white, on others they are "flashing," intervals of darkness being succeeded by piercing rays.

Three light-ships are passed—one at Frying-Pan Shoals, near the mouth of the Cape Fear River; another at Rattlesnake Shoals, east of Charleston Harbor; and the third at Martin's Industry Shoals, off Port Royal entrance. These are all two-mast, schooner-rigged vessels, are supplied with lights and day-marks at the mast-heads, and have bell and horn as fog signals. They are rigged with sails, so that, if (as has happened in other districts) the violence of the storm should wrench them from their moorings, they will not be entirely at the mercy of the winds and waves. Each vessel has a crew of eight men, to whom provisions are supplied every quarter by the light-house tender, and who manage to catch an unlimited quantity of fish, and are able to secure fresh meat occasionally from passing steamers. Their life is, of course, a very monotonous one, and they are constantly tossed by the waves. But there is no lack of applicants for the position whenever a vacancy occurs.

There are within the district nearly a score of the larger lights, while the smaller ones number more than a hundred, many of the latter being placed within the harbors and above the mouths of the rivers.

Voyagers by one of the best-known and most popular lines running to Florida must necessarily enter Charleston Harbor, as the vessels touch here on their way, and, while entering or departing, will see some of the most interesting points on our coasts. The light-house on Morris Island, where was planted the "swamp angel" during the civil war, towers in the air to the height of 158 feet, and is painted in alternating horizontal bands of black and white. Its light is visible at a distance of eighteen and three-quarter miles, and shines with a steady white glare. Some idea of its size may be had when the fact is stated that seventeen persons can stand within the lamp, and that the consumption of oil is seven gallons a night.

Not far distant is Fort Sumter, whose history is so well known that it need not be repeated here. Once almost completely demolished by shot and shell, in its rehabilitated condition it is surmounted by two small towers, in one of which a white light, fifty-seven feet above sea-level, and visible twelve and three-quarter miles, is placed, and in the other a fog-bell, which is used when the lights cannot be seen. The cannon within are resting on their rusty carriages; but the fort could speedily be put in defensive condition, and guard, as it has so often done, the approach to Charleston Harbor, if invasion were threatened by foreign foe. Very near is Castle Pinckney, which too has its history, now used as a depot for supplies. There are seen long lines of buoys, which are to be placed to mark the entrance to the various harbors of the district. Of different shapes, sizes, colors, and construction, they are known as nun, can, spar, bell, and whistling. When in position they are so painted and numbered that mariners can tell at a glance on which side the channel lies. Instead of a clapper, the bell buoys have an iron ball which rolls from side to side with the slightest motion of the waves. The whistling buoys are so constructed that air rushes into them as they rise, and is forced out with a whistling sound as they descend.

The slender iron structure not far distant is within a few feet of the site of Fort Ripley, and bears its name. It has a fixed red light, and a bell to be used in foggy weather.

To the north is Sullivan's Island, on which there are four beacons, front and rear, two of which are supplied with red and two with white lights. Between two of them is Fort Moultrie, which has become historical. It was here that the Indian chief Osceola, the Seminole, was confined, and dying during confinement, was buried just outside the limits of the fort. His grave is enclosed by a neat iron railing, and a slab bearing his name is placed above his quiet home. Along the beach are the summer residences of a large number of the best people of the State, and a very attractive hotel, the New Brighton.

Few can realize the loneliness of the life of the brave men, and in some instances women, who fill the position of light-house keepers and assistants, and the dangers to which they are exposed. They are instructed to stand by their lights, even though their property and their families are swept to destruction before their eyes, and history records that when demand has been made, they have followed their instructions. Days, weeks, even months may pass during which they do not see the faces of any of their fellow-men save those (sometimes only one or two) who are associated with them. The government supplies them with libraries of about fifty volumes, which, by a system of rotation, are changed every six months, and in this way they are kept somewhat in touch with the outside world. Leave of absence is sometimes granted, when the keepers may visit friends and acquaintances on shore.

Many deeds of heroism and daring are recorded of these faithful servants of the government, and many more have been done of which no record has been made. Their work is usually in quiet, and much of it seems commonplace; but wanderers on the stormy deep appreciate their toil, and hail with joy the shining of their cheerful lights.

James H. Bryce.

MRS. STUART'S BEQUEST TO THE LENOX LIBRARY.

Mrs. Mary McCrea Stuart died on the last day of the old year. Although she had always been of frail health, and for more than ten years before her death an invalid, she reached the advanced age of eighty-one years. Her husband, the late Robert L. Stuart, made a great fortune in refining sugar, which, by means of a process invented by himself, he was able to do at a less cost than his competitors. When he died, in 1882, he left his wife his entire fortune, which consisted of something more than five millions of dollars. This fortune was not permitted to grow during the ten years of Mrs. Stuart's widowhood, as she gave away each year to churches, charitable, and educational institutions all of her surplus income. And now, at her death, the larger part of the fortune is to be divided among the institutions which enjoyed her good-will and assistance during her lifetime. Mr. and Mrs. Stuart never had any children, and the widow no very near kin. The bequests to individuals were comparatively small, though the kindly old lady has shown her appreciation of the services of a good many friends in gifts of from five to twenty-five thousand dollars each.

From the time that Mr. Stuart first became a rich man, and that was a great many years ago, he was an enthusiastic and discriminating collector of books, paintings, minerals, and shells. All these were left to Mrs. Stuart, who had tastes similar to her husband's, and assisted him in forming his collections. It was understood at the time of Mr. Stuart's death that there was an understanding between him and his wife that when she should pass away, these collections would be placed in the keeping of some institution where the public could have free access to them. When Mrs. Stuart, in 1887, made the will which has now been probated, she divided the collections between the Metropolitan Museum of Art in Central Park and the American Museum of Natural History, and to each she gave a handsome legacy in money. For several years past there has been in New York an active agitation to secure the opening of these two museums to the public on Sundays. To this movement Mrs. Stuart, as had been her husband, was bitterly opposed. Several years ago she saw that public opinion would be likely to force the trustees of the museums to keep them open on Sundays, and without waiting for the trustees to take action, which they did something like a year ago, she revoked the clauses in her will above alluded to, and gave the collections, together with a legacy of $275,000 in cash, to the Lenox Library, on condition that the collections should never be thrown open to public view on Sundays, and that they be kept apart and catalogued separately from the other treasures left for public use by her husband's old friend, Mr. Lenox.

These collections are now in the spacious house on Fifth Avenue which was in process of erection when Mr. Stuart died. And they make this house one of the most interesting museums in America. The pictures, 240 in number, fill the art gallery of the mansion, and also the drawing-rooms and halls. They are even more than interesting; they are extremely good, and each one has probably had the supreme critical test applied to it—that is, it has been lived with, and found not to be disappointing after long familiarity with it. Entering the picture-gallery, the first thing that attracts a visitor is the portrait of Mr. Stuart painted by Madruzzo a year before the old merchant's death. This is the only picture which does not go with the collections, as it is bequeathed to the Princeton Theological Seminary, to which during their lives both Mr. and Mrs. Stuart were warmly attached and friendly in a most material way. This picture is properly one of the best examples of masterly portraiture to be found in America. The paintings to go to the Lenox have among them three works by Brozik, one by Bonheur, two by Bouguereau, one by Corot, one by Clays, two by Diaz, two by Detaille, three by Fichel, one by Gérôme, one by Aranda, and another by Luis Jiminez, one by Knaus, three by Meyer von Bremen, two by Munkacsy, three by Merle, one by Meissonier, eight by Plassan, three by Richardt, one by Schreyer, two by Stanislaus, one by Troyon, three by Verboeckhoven, and one by Vibert. These are all by foreign artists, but Americans are very fairly represented also. There are three by Boughton, one by Bierstadt, one by Church, two by Cole, three by Cropsey, two by De Haas, three by Durand, one by Gifford, two by W. Hart, one by Huntington, one by Inness, three by Eastman Johnson, five by Kensett, and one each by Weir, Sontagg, Richards, Whittredge, and Wood.

Probably the star picture of the collection is the large painting by Vaselav Brozik hanging in the hall at the head of the stairs on the second floor. It is 126 by 81 inches in size, and was made in 1881. It represents Rudolph II., Emperor of Germany, in the laboratory of his alchemist, 1576. This picture would attract and fix attention in whatever company it happened to be hung. The other Broziks—"Grandmother's Birthday," in the art gallery, and "The Rejected Suitor," in the parlor—are not so striking as the larger picture, but they are very pleasing, and as each tells a story, they are likely to find a high place in the public esteem.

The collection of minerals and shells is most interesting, but as no catalogue has been made of it, any notice of it could be better made after it has been moved to the Lenox, and this necessary work completed. While the paintings and cabinets of minerals are interesting, the books form a most noble collection. There are about 10,000 volumes, and in some special lines the library is very rich indeed. These have been carefully catalogued in a bulky volume on hand-made paper. The great collection of Bibles, with missals and liturgies, numbering 440, is a prominent feature of the library; and in the catalogue the list takes up all the space between page 38 and page 80. Among the more important of these may be mentioned a manuscript Bible of the thirteenth century, and an early edition printed in Venice in 1480. These are made more interesting by the accompanying annotations. The library is also rich in works of fine art, such as the galleries of Munich, Versailles, Dresden, the Vatican, Düsseldorf, Pitti Palace, the Musée Français, and the Musée Royal. Mr. Stuart began the collection in 1828, and for more than half a century he spent most of his leisure time in augmenting and enriching the library, which now makes such a noble gift for the benefit of the New York public.

Jno. Gilmer Speed.

ENGAGED.

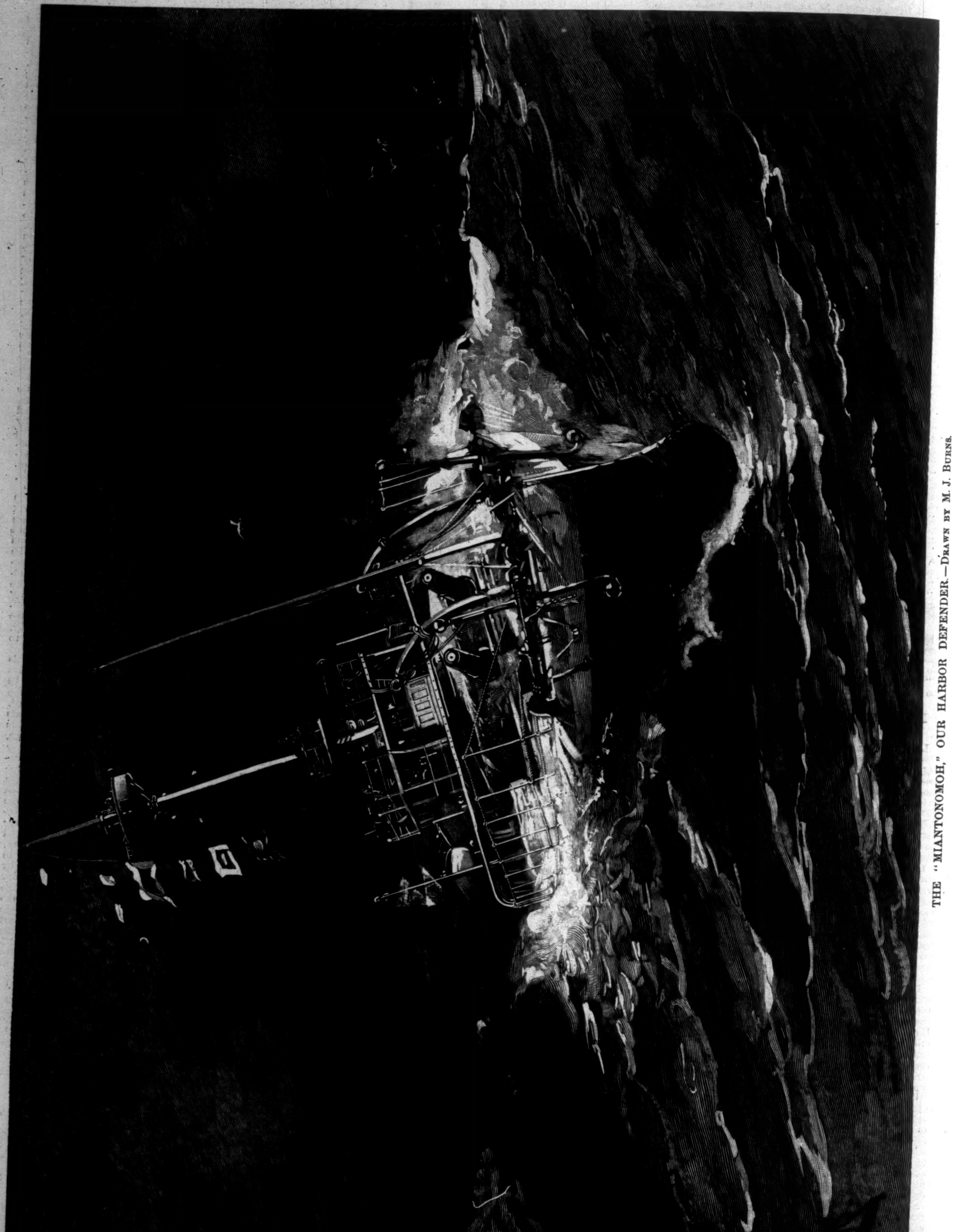
The little bond that links your life to mine
Seems slight and fragile; do you think 'twill hold,
And bear the changes of the coming time,
When life is dark and all is bleak and cold?
And do you think that, purified by pain,
We can take up our lives and love again?

Or when, like the inconstant skies of spring,
Our lives are clouded as her sunny air,
And we know pain that summer could not bring,
Will you not find it all too hard to bear?
And when these storms and weary hours have tried us,
Can we live on and let no power divide us?

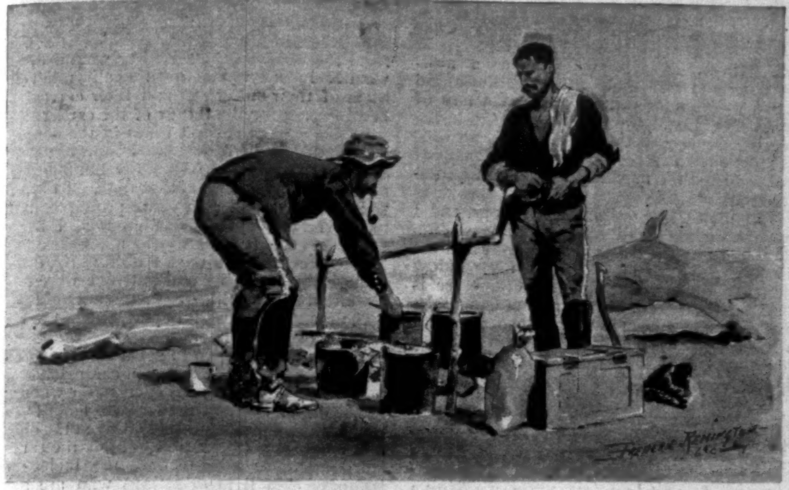
Then if this little chain, so frail and weak
It trembles when our lives are fair and bright,
Could find a voice and each small link could speak,
Would it not say 'twas frighted of the night?
If it must break, and we must humbly bow,
In pity for my weakness, break it now.

But if you think that it can bear the weight
Of fiery trials as they come and go,
We can take heart and boldly meet the fate
That gives impartially of joy and woe;
And be it summer fair or wintry weather,
We can be brave, and meet all, love, together.

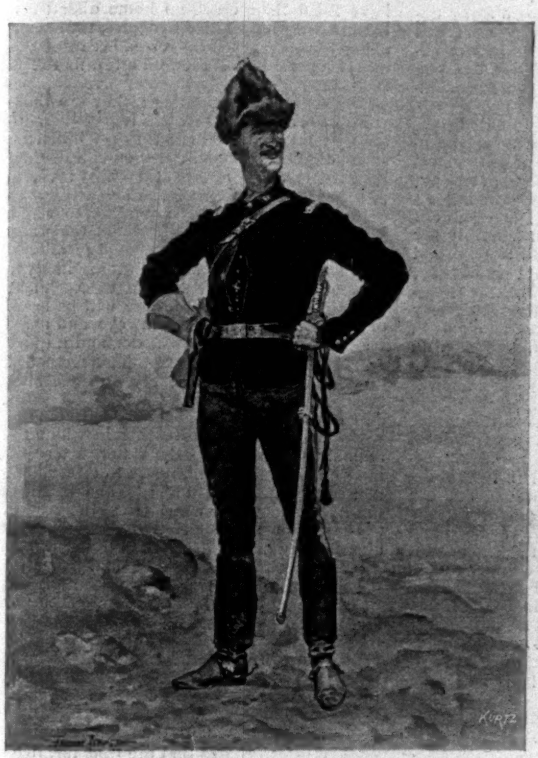
Eva MacDonagh.



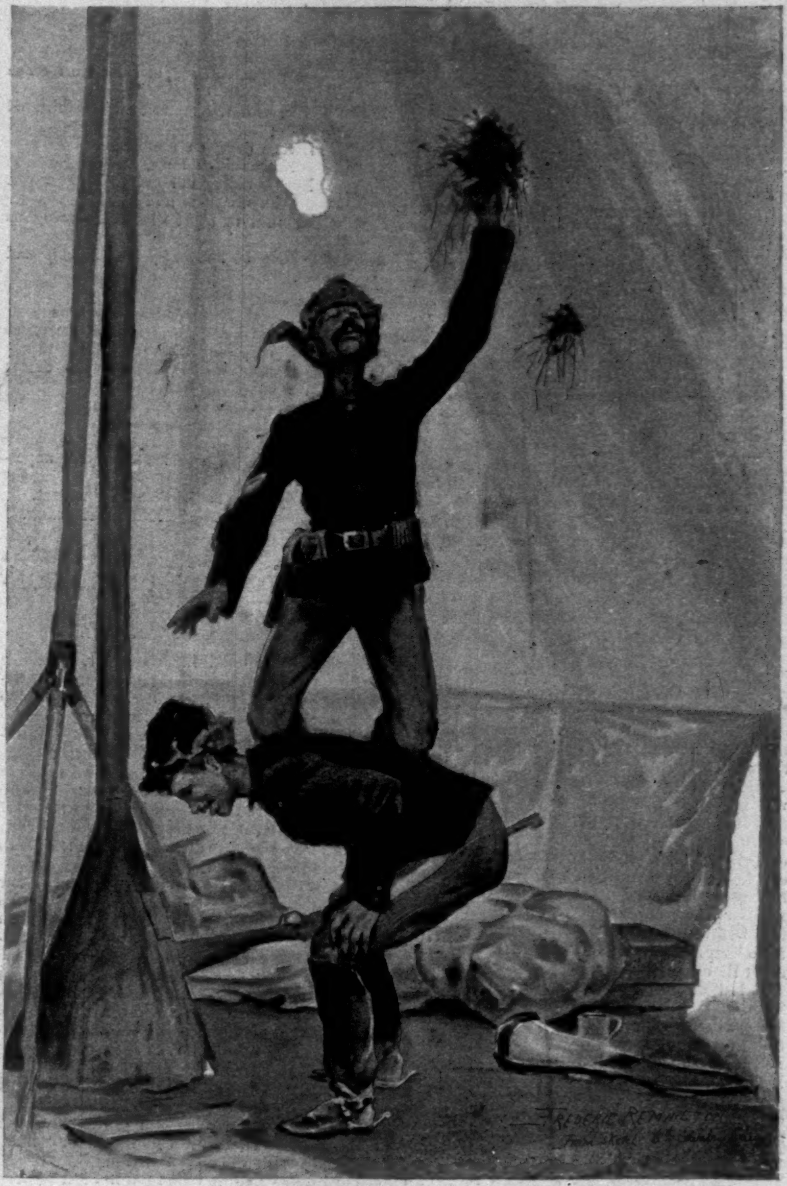
THE "MIANTONOMOH," OUR HARBOR DEFENDER.—Drawn by M. J. Burns.



COOKING IN CAMP.



UNITED STATES CAVALRY OFFICER.



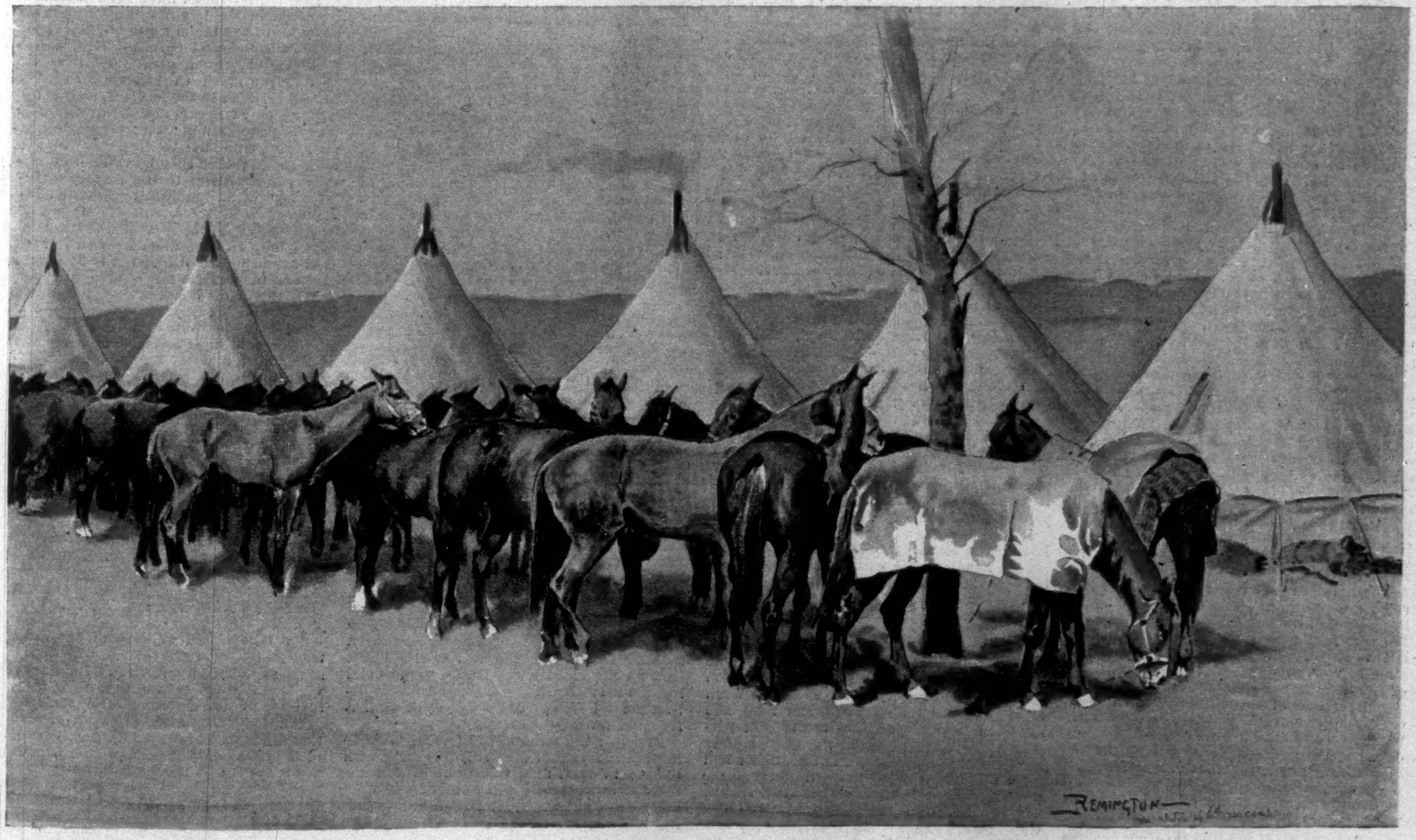
THE TROOPER PLAN OF STUFFING HOLES IN THE SIBLEY.

THE GALLOPING SIXTH.

I ONCE knew a man, whose judgment had been softened by years and experience, who said that "the two most desirable positions in the world are the editorship of a great metropolitan newspaper and the colonelcy of a cavalry regiment." I can only partially imagine what the editor thinks about or what his troubles and cares may be, and I had always supposed that a colonel of cavalry went around in a state of mind wherein the romantic dash and whirl of a thousand moving horses passed in cyclorama before his appreciative senses. I have discovered that to be precisely the idea that never enters his head. I was a guest of General Carr, the colonel commanding the "Galloping Sixth" Regiment of United States Cavalry, at its camp on the Cheyenne River, and I assure you that he thought of nothing but "bacon and forage." No tramp of steeled hoofs, no floating guidons, no gallant men or plumes or flashing sabres; nothing but "bacon and forage."

In the quiet hours of the night there was a stir in the great headquarters tent. Orderlies ran to awaken a half-dozen officers. They came in hot haste. I was somewhat startled by these precipitous proceedings. Visions of enemy and the clash of arms played through my fancy.

"You will report immediately how many days' rations



A TROOP PICKET LINE OF THE SIXTH UNITED STATES CAVALRY CAMP AT RAPID CREEK.

of bacon there are at our disposal," said the Colonel; whereupon he returned to his couch.

Off ran the officers, and commissary sergeants by the dozen were lugged out of their blankets. A wild scurrying, a flashing of lanterns, a host of men tumbling over packages in the dark. After an elaborate investigation the Colonel was awakened, and report made that there were "so many pounds of bacon, sir!" whereat quiet was allowed to resume its sway.

Being somewhat amused by this unwonted interest in bacon, I provoked an explanation in the morning from the Colonel.

"Sir, the most important things about a cavalry regiment are the stomachs of the men and horses."

The fighting is a mere detail, but the bacon and forage weigh with crushing force on the mind of the commander. It is thus demonstrated that the editor is the more enviable person, and yet there are minor reasons why one should still desire to be a colonel of cavalry.

Poor Czar of All the Russias! he is a citizen of a republic compared to the autocrat of the cavalry camp. A thousand horses stand on the picket lines ready to gallop at his wish; a thousand gallant little men become deathly rigid at his approach; even the mules tied at the tail-boards of the wagons dare hardly wiggle their stumpy tails without an order from the commanding officer. One might suppose that this environment might produce a peculiar man in the person of the Colonel, and it does. It is not at the first meeting that one can separate the physiology of the Colonel and the man. From always being the hub of the wheel, the Colonel rather makes a citizen feel as though he ought to get in among the spokes and revolve in his turn.

Next in importance in the little military village is the Adjutant. He is generally a prefunctory individual, with a greater interest in having things run smoothly than any one else, since he must first feel the Colonel's displeasure. A visitor should establish relations with the Adjutant, and then if he happens to transgress the proprieties of the camp, it is within the power of the Adjutant to dull the sharpness of the thorns in the bed he must lie on.

It is better not to bother the busy Colonel too much, so leave him to his bacon and forage, and go look at the private. He certainly takes on a character all his own. Personally reckless, desperately improvident, and with little on his mind but his hat and hair, he is given to grumbling, and will d—— his own eyes as quick as the Colonel's; he is full of soldier expressions, and the adaptability of the average United States soldier to any condition which may arise is always astonishing. There are several hundred thousand little methods of producing comfort in unpleasant places which are traditions in the army, and have been handed down from the army in Flanders to the last recruit from Jefferson Barracks.

If it were possible to enumerate the many ways in which hardtack can be served, I would do so. The sparks from the conical stove burn holes in the canvas of the Sibley tent. The way to repair these holes was not discovered at once, but by process of evolution one man has learned to stoop down while a comrade climbs on his back, and is thus enabled to reach up and stuff grass in the holes.

After about a year's service every recruit discovers that his mission in life is to keep the inside of his particular horse stuffed as full of hay and grain as circumstances and the horse will admit. He estimates its capacity to be equal to what he can lay his hands on. It is only the strict methods of issue which prevent cavalry horses from acquiring a founder. Men who are perfectly honest in every other particular will steal forage for their horses. They are such persistent and accomplished grain thieves that it is necessary in times of scarcity to stand by your horse until he has eaten the last kernel, or it will be abstracted from his nose-bag and fed to some other beast.

Why soldiers have the millions of dogs I never knew until an officer said: "Simply something on which to lavish affection; it's a ground-cropping of human nature. We used to try to get rid of the dogs at our garrison, but found it impossible. When we changed our station we thought to solve the difficulty. Orders were issued to take no dogs. While *en route* to this place I heard strange noises at times, and discovered that every nose-bag contained a pup, and by express and every imaginable means the dogs came along, until in a week's time I recognized that no single dog from our post in Arizona was missing in Dakota."

This soldier man's relations with his comrades are peculiar. There seems to be no suggestion of domestic bliss, and yet beyond frequent reminders that the one addressed is held in abject contempt by the speaker, they seem to worry along. They come to know each other very intimately, and the bright vermilion hue of the English which they exchange passes unheeded as the winds, while to the uninitiated the awful directness of the sentence a soldier uses when he requests his comrade to "move along a little" fairly chills you.

Now the Lieutenant, when he requires anything, will send "his compliments and the request," but when the first sergeant speaks, hell yawns for the heedless.

FREDERIC REMINGTON.

A FOOL'S ADVICE.

LET us look on the beauties of nature, nor school
Ourselves to be happy by rote and by rule;
Let us deem the earth fixed, and declare the sun
rolls,
If you please, with the moon on his arm round
the poles;
Let us draw on the skies
No meridian lines,
Nor, straining our eyes,
Seek divisions and signs;
Let the day turn to night without counting its
hours,
And the seasons be known by the blossoms and
flowers.

O, let's not endeavor to fathom the laws
Of motion and matter, nor seek for the cause
Of form and of color; it's useless to care
Why heaven's above earth, if it only is there;
We shall only perceive
The design of the whole
Was the heart to relieve
And to gladden the soul;
Let us live in this world unannoyed, unper-
plexed,
And willingly wait to be wise in the next.

EVA MACDONAGH.

THE BUTCHERY OF ADIRONDACK DEER.

BY CASPAR W. WHITNEY.

IT is rather hard lines on Mr. Frederic Remington, I confess, that the letter-press accompanying his spirited drawing should have so murderous a title. Mr. Remington is too good a sportsman to deserve any Caudle lecture from me on the subject of hunting deer, and we may be assured that the group of lucky chaps he has presented for our pleasure have not secured their venison by means of jacking or floating or illegitimate hounding, though they should throw that steel-trap into the lake instantly.

But, unfortunately for the welfare of our game and the reputation of our citizens as sportsmen, the principles that would govern Mr. Remington and the fellows of his creation, in their ramble through the mountains, are not shared by the scores upon scores of men that annually visit the North Woods for a few weeks' hunting. Hunting! What word, love excepted, is so extensively travestied? The extreme crime, that of taking human life, is divided, I believe, into three classes, *i. e.*, murder in the first and second degrees, and manslaughter. I think I should make a parallel by classifying the slaughter of deer as "crusting," "jacking" or "floating," and "illegitimate hounding."

How many people who read in their papers, from time to time, of the several unsportsmanlike devices for killing deer, really understand just what they are? "Crusting," in my opinion the most outrageous of all, is the winter device of the "sportsman" who in summer turns his attention to "jacking." It is argued by those who indulge in it that some skill is required in jacking. We will not discuss that point just here; but assuming there is, certainly no such claim may be made for crusting.

It is when the snow is fairly deep, and topped by a crust just strong enough to hold the man, but not sufficiently so to withstand the weight and sharp hoofs of the deer or moose, that the cruster sallies forth in all his diabolical glory. When he has located his victim, the eventual slaughter is merely a question of time, for its killing is certain, and sometimes follows shortly on its discovery. I should think the cruster would feel proud of himself, following with his murderous intention the poor beast, which must undergo a species of agonizing nightmare in its futile attempts to escape what it sees steadily drawing nearer despite its greatest efforts. These hunters need no rifles; in fact, they take none with them. A revolver answers their purpose, and a knife, or even a club, might do equally as well. They are able, of course, to get easily within touching distance of the frightened beast, worn out by its attempts to escape.

One can understand and possibly forgive the city-bred man who has been drawn into a day's crusting or jacking as a novel experience, but how any man can go crusting for deer a second time, unless, of course, actual want of meat compels it, is more than I can conceive. I shall never forget to the last day of my life my one experience at crusting. It really was not crusting either, though the principle was the same.

It was in a New Mexico mining camp in Rio Arriba County, about 10,000 feet above the sea-level, and the winter was the memorable one that blockaded the Durango branch of the Denver and Rio Grande Railroad, a blockade that lasted several weeks, and cost the road upwards of $300,000 to raise. To give some idea of the quantity of snow that fell that winter.... I snow-shoed along the line (about at the Toltec Gorge, not far from the town of Tierra Amarilla) to see the work of digging out the snowed-under road, and sat down several times on the tops of telegraph poles sticking out of the snow, merely for the sake of saying afterwards that I had done so. There were more times that the poles were entirely covered than at all visible.

When I reached the place where the men were at work clearing the track, from my vantage on top I looked down into the snow cut upon six men, one below the other, throwing up the snow one to the other, until the top man pitched it out. Goodness knows how far the bottommost man was above the bed of the road. I was sight-seeing then and enjoyed it. Three weeks later, when I made a snowshoe trip of 325 miles, with hardtack and dried venison for rations, and not a cup of coffee hot or cold from the start to finish, the picturesqueness of the winter palled on me.

I shall never forget how good that cup of coffee tasted the morning I reached my destination.

But then that's quite another story, and I have been sadly digressive, prompted undoubtedly by the snow and the cold and the bluster which, as I look out of my window on this Wednesday, January 6th, I see is making the life of New-Yorkers miserable. Snow always takes me back to those days of adventure, with their hardships and yet with their wild delights. But who would retrospect?

It was during this winter, when all provisions had run out because of the general blockade, and the only means of transportation were snow-shoes, that the necessity of meat of some kind compelled me to turn pothunter. I spent two days without seeing a sign, but on the third day, when it meant meat, or coffee and hardtack, I discovered three deer—a buck and two does—walking and sniffing about in a "draw," on one side of which the snow had been blown away until it was not so deep as elsewhere. I had to go into the open at once to make any advance, and they immediately discovered me, and started off at an astonishing pace, considering the depth of the snow.

They did not go far, however, at that gait, and were soon up to their shoulders, and plunging like dogs. They had secured quite a start on me, but I shortly began to gain steadily, and before we had gone a couple of miles I was within easy rifle shot; but I had gone out equipped as the "cruster," and had only my Colt's 45 with me. I continued to gain, and when within about fifty yards, I should say, the buck changed his course, probably thinking the does would follow, but they absolutely stopped, and kept wearily plunging about in a small circle as I passed, not thirty feet from them. I kept getting nearer and nearer the buck, until I was as close as I considered it advisable to go with the management of my ten-foot snow-shoes, which was in fact about eight feet behind him. He was very tired, and every plunge seemed his last. I took aim between plunges, and put a ball in behind his shoulders that brought him down, but did not kill instantly. As I moved up as rapidly as possible, to shoot him in the head and end his misery, the expression in the eyes of that animal as he turned them on me haunted me for many a day. I know I should have confined myself to coffee and hardtack rather than look again into eyes that said as plainly as though written, "Coward!"

How *can* men crust deer and call it sport?

Jacking, or floating, for it is the same thing, represents the second degree of animal murder. And yet hardly the second degree either, for it shows the criminal premeditation; it represents the assassin lying in wait to spring on the unsuspecting animal under the cover of darkness.

Who that understands what jacking is will have the hardihood to call it sport?

Long ago these columns described and condemned it.

The outfit consists of a small boat or canoe that may be sculled. In the bow is the jack, a lantern especially manufactured for this purpose, with a powerful reflector, and on the pattern of the bull's-eye dark-lantern. The party consists of the guide, who manages the boat, and the butcher, who sits in the bow back of the lantern. They move silently about not far from the bank until the deer are heard, when the cap is taken off the lantern, and a strong streak of light thrown on the water. Now the guide swings the bow around until the deer are discovered standing, probably in the shallow water, and then keeping the light in their eyes, which either dazzles or fascinates them so they do not attempt to escape; the boat, unseen, but quietly and swiftly, draws near, sometimes getting within fifty feet. The butcher, completely in the dark, waits until within range so short that the chances of missing his victim are few; then he fires, nine times out of ten using a shot-gun, which none but such as he would draw on large game.

And this is sport! This is what the people of this State countenance as such by the acts of their Legislature!

Does suckling their young are quite as likely as any to be killed or wounded in this fashion, at a time when the meat is utterly unfit to eat, and the fawns liable to die of starvation. I could dilate for at least a column on the cruelties of jacking, and the many reasons why its practice is not only a disgrace to the men who engage in it, but to the State as well. There are those who claim that jacking is legitimate, because it requires skill. One might likewise claim skill for the assassin who is able to trace and locate his victim in the dark, and finally deliver a fatal blow. Some degree of skill is required for almost everything.

Probably the strongest objection to jacking is the fact that does suffer equally with bucks; in fact, nine times out of ten the butcher in the boat is some city chap out for a few days' airing, who in his agitation could not tell whether he is shooting at a buck, a doe, or a cow.

Another reason for condemning it is that this class of men almost invariably hunt with a shot-gun, and the results of their inaccurate aim are horrible to contemplate. Who can say how many deer have scampered away from the water's edge seriously wounded, to wander in the woods until death relieved them of their sufferings and their carcasses became prey for the things of the earth?

I have spoken several times in the course of this article of legitimate hounding; personally, I would not follow the hounds if I never drew bead on another deer. I object to it first, last, and always on principle, and moreover, the biggest bag on record from following the hounds would not please me half so well as a few days' still-hunting, even though my tramping and patience were unrewarded by a kill. Sportsmen ought to take down their rifles for sport, and not to fill the rôle of the butcher.

If you don't happen to get a deer, what of it? You have plenty to eat in camp, haven't you? You have had your sport in the woods, eh? Oh, but then you must have blood! Is that it? You must tell the fellows at the club *how many* you killed, and exhibit the same spirit as those hogs (excuse the inelegant language, but it is *so* fitting) who are not happy unless they fill up their boat with duck, or literally load themselves and their man down with the results of their day afield. These are also the fellows who, when they have filled their creel, go home dissatisfied because they have failed to deplete the stream at one fishing, and are disgusted because some one else perhaps has secured a few more fish than they.

These are not sportsmen; they are those who, having eaten their fill, regret their inability to clear the board; they are butchers, snobs, that ought never to get outside of their own beaten circle, where everything revolves to the pitch of their inordinate vanity.

But the "legitimate" hounding, to which I have alluded, is that in which the water does not figure, and where men are stationed on "runways" from which they are likely to catch a glimpse of the running deer. There will be days when not a deer will be heard or seen by those on the runways, and again when a fleeting glance will demand a quick and accurate shot to count. This method of deer-hunting unquestionably stands nearest to still-hunting. It is humane, good sport, and not for an instant to be confounded with that species of hounding in which the animal is driven into the water, where the men await it in a boat, ready to either hammer its brains out with a club, or blow them out by placing their rifle against the head of the swimming animal. This is sport—just about as much as cutting the throats of pigs after a laborious chase about the barn-yard.

Down South, in some parts of Florida, I believe, they have a species of jacking on land called "shining," where the jack-lantern is fastened to the hat, and the results are rather disastrous to the cattle on the farms adjoining the swamps traversed. Then they do some hounding also on horseback, but it does not amount to much. The only deer-hunting at all worthy of the name is found in such Western States that are thus far, thank Heaven! free from the ways of the effete East and snobdom, and where the glorious sport of still-hunting is untainted by jacking.

The Adirondacks have been inestimably benefited in the last few years by the large clubs that have taken up thousands of acres, and instituted and enforced rigid laws of preservation. Such great good have these private preserves worked that to-day the number of deer in the North Woods is much larger than two years ago. In other words, they are increasing under the vigilance of sportsmen who have taken the law into their own hands rather than leave the fate of our only game district to the perfectly absurd workings of an ignorant and stuffed Legislature.

We of New York, interested in the Adirondacks, may feel reasonably assured that the deer are being cared for; but there are other sections of this country—notably Maine—where there are no Adirondack League Associations and W. Seward Webbs, and where ignorant pot-hunters and dishonest game-wardens hold high revel. The consequence is that deer and moose are becoming very scarce under the deadly fusillade to which they are subjected at all seasons.

The game supply of this country is a much more serious matter than the average man realizes. Unless we apply a remedy now, the day is not far distant when our pleasure of hunting will be confined to the absorbing pages of Theodore Roosevelt's most interesting books on big game.

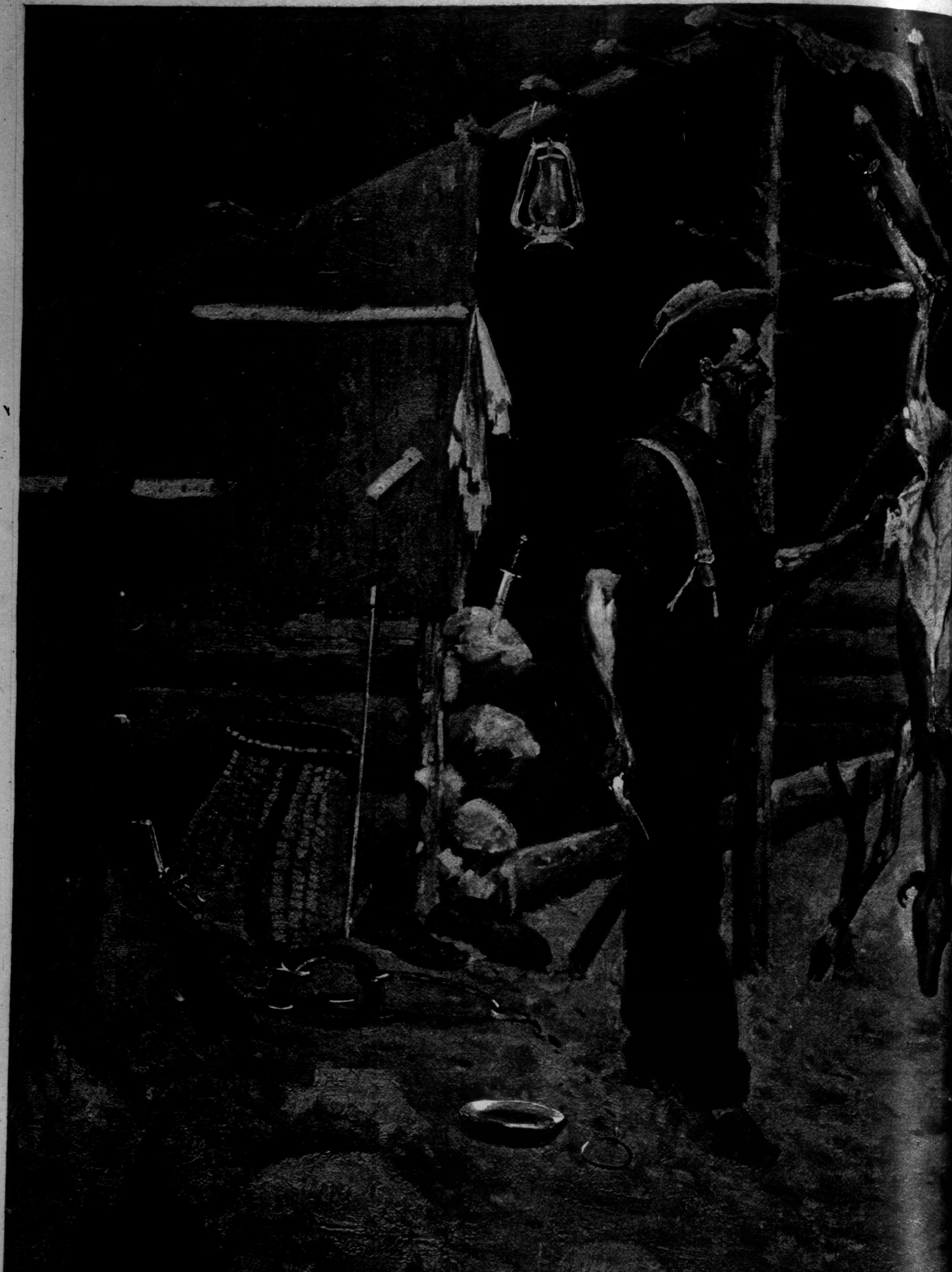
There are three matters which, in my opinion, should govern the rulings of every game State in this country, and form the basis of strict laws.

First.—Seasons laid out on a sportsmanlike basis, and by men familiar with the subject.

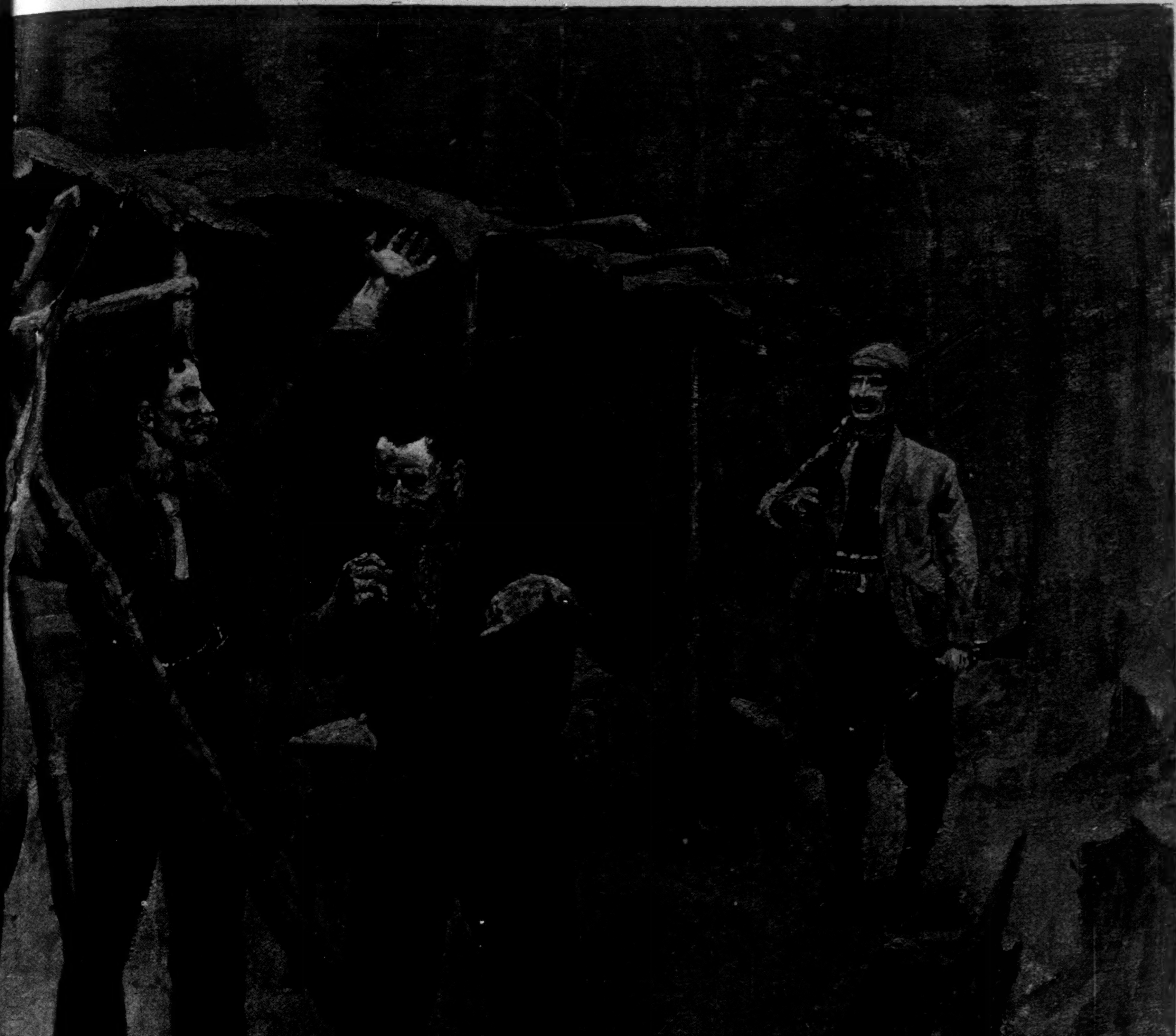
Second.—Game wardens of good character, and not reformed thieves, who shall have some pecuniary interest in all the fines their vigilance brings about, and who shall be severely punished for neglect of their duty.

Third.—Every man convicted of a violation of the game laws should have a sentence of *imprisonment* as well as a fine; this would put a quietus on those wealthy city "sportsmen" who willingly pay a few dollars for the privilege of bagging big game; it would likewise save the game districts of our country.

This is no time for quibbling, and heroic measures must be adopted, else we are lost.



A GOOD DAY'S HUNTING IN THE ADIRON



ACKS.—Drawn by Frederic Remington.—[See Page 58.]

2.

ASUNDER.

BY R. MACDONALD ALDEN.

MRS. SERENA FRY sat idly in the calico-cushioned chair in the kitchen. This fact, innocent at distant acquaintance, becomes startling to any one knowing well Mrs. Fry. A robust, industrious farmer's wife, her years, growing fast to be numerous, sat lightly upon her, and did not turn her for a moment from her daily work, always cheerily and faithfully and unceasingly performed. So long (ah! only the old kitchen, with its yellow almanac hanging behind the stove, and its fading dull yellow floor, knew how long) had she on every afternoon gone about the same round of duties, from the time when Joshua left the dinner table to the hour when he returned from the field, that it was much more easy to go on with them than it could have been to pause. Yet there she sat idly in the old rocker, the stove half polished, and the brush on the hearth, while the sun was giving his last wink above the red barn on the hill. Besides, her usually cheery face was clouded—not with anger or sorrow, but with deep perplexity.

"Serena," she said of a sudden, rising with her accustomed briskness, "you ought to be clean ashamed of yourself. If ever Satan got into anybody, it's you. The idee of your sittin' idle, with the work only half done, thinkin' about goin' to New York! It would be bad enough ef everything was done up. Holidays ain't for lazy folks, that's certain." And even as she spoke, the stove began to smile out in its usual polished manner.

When the last bit of work had been accomplished, and the old Bible, with Joshua's spectacles on it, was awaiting evening prayers from the lamp stand, Mrs. Fry sat down, and said,

"I had a letter to-day, Joshua."

"You don't say!" said he, stopping in the act of putting on the spectacles. "From John?"

"No," said his wife; "from Nephew Joshua, in New York."

"You don't say!" said Joshua again. "Do you want to read it aloud, S'rena?"

"I would, but—I burnt it up. There wa'n't nothin' secret in it, and I knew right afterwards what a thing it was to do before you'd seen it; but someway it didn't seem as if 'twas right to keep it."

"Not right, S'rena? Has Joshua been doin' anythin'?"

"No, indeed," said his wife, hastily. "And 'twas a real nice letter. I noticed particular that he signed his name 'Joshua S. Fry,' as if to kind o' remind himself that he was named after you. It ain't worth speakin' of, but it was printed 'J. Sylvester' on the en*velope*."

"I ain't a mite surprised," said Joshua, with a kindly smile. "It's a sight handsomer name. But what did he say?"

"He wanted me to come to New York," said Mrs. Fry; and for her life she could not have said a word more.

Her husband waited a moment in silence, and then he spoke again. "To stay, S'rena?"

"Joshua Fry, how you talk! He ain't *quite* a fool. To make a visit." Serena let these short sentences shoot out from her lips as though they were loaded. "He said he an' Susie had been wantin' me for a long time, an' he thought I could be spared from the farm now as well as any time, seein' he remembered the hayin' must be over; an' seein' I'd never been to New York, he did hope I'd come. An' he sent a railroad pass."

"Did you burn that up too?" asked Joshua; but as he spoke, he noticed it for the first time lying by the Bible, and he leaned forward to read it. Once and again did he examine the innocent document, and still turned it over in his hand when his eyes were looking, as it were, far away.

For five-and-twenty years (I said only the old kitchen knew how long, but I bribed it to tell me) had Joshua and Serena Fry lived together and worked together without separation or holiday. Their wedded love was of the old-fashioned sort, and dwelt not in many words, as it began not with a wedding tour, but thrived in faithful common toil. They were not only uncomplaining, but happy.

As Joshua sat thinking these things, the sudden invitation of his brother's boy, who had before this shown his kindly remembrance of the old farm-house where he used to come for summer frolics, brought no pang with its half-told tale of the difference between life in Green's Corners and life in the hurrying city. The meadow paths, with their winged or creeping citizens, were Farmer Fry's happy estate, and the yellow-floored kitchen his inner heart's home. It is for this reason that I most want his swift appreciation of his wife's feeling to be felt and praised. Had the coming of Nephew Joshua's letter been foretold to him, he would have expected Serena to read it cheerfully, and talk over with him the best way of sending their thanks for the invitation, and of telling how impossible it was for either of them to leave the farm. He knew now, from her half-excited manner, from the fact that she had burned the letter as though it brought subtle temptation to wrong, perhaps from a stray sentence which he had once read about the hidden desires and discontents in the minds of farmers' wives, that the invitation had come to Serena like a window opened into another life, and that she had faithfully tried and was still trying to close it.

There came with his thoughts no bitterness or indecision. Serena must go to New York. The farm and he could put up without her for a week or more, he thought, if she had borne with them for twenty-five years! So when he spoke again, it was, though after a considerable pause, with the same widespread, kindly smile.

"I hope you'll go, S'rena; it 'll do you good, an' you 'ain't no cause to throw away sech a chance."

Serena was astonished; she had expected her husband to do just what I said he would have expected her to do, had not love quickened his naturally leisurely brain. She had said, "Get thee behind me, Satan!" and here was Joshua serenely inviting that dignitary forward again. The window was wide open now, and could not be closed.

But Mrs. Fry's mind and conscience did not quickly settle themselves. Not once or twice was the invitation almost fully rejected by them during the next few days, as their owner worked over frying-pan or sewing-machine, or talked with her many visitors. For when it had become noised abroad in Green's Corners that Serena Fry was thinking of going to New York (to spend the winter, gossip sometimes had it; and sometimes, to live), her sitting-room became the scene of great social activity, and Miss Lamson, the dressmaker, who had been sewing at Smithville, came home of her own accord to fit out the traveller for her journey.

So circumstances held the window open—not Serena—and she let them and Joshua and the neighbors decide that she would go, rather than decided it herself. It was Joshua who wrote the letter to his nephew that she would come, and who, with his own old hands, did the great part of her packing. For Serena, usually the readiest and most skilful for work, now seemed dazed and scarcely half happy at the prospect which had been opened before her.

In the pale gray and green light of the early morning they drove to the railroad crossing. Trains stopped at Green's Corners only when an antiquated man, who lived in a closet, came out and frantically waved a flag at them. He came out now, and leaned on the flag handle, while Serena tried to look back at the farm-house.

"Don't you be worried, Serena," said Joshua, cheerfully. "I'll prosper all right, unless I get sick along of eatin' all them pies and fixin's. You must hev thought I'd hev a sight of company. Well, good-by; take good care of yerself!"—for the flagman was waving for all he was worth, and although Serena privately hoped that the diabolical-looking engine would refuse to stop, it stopped. In a moment more Joshua and the flagman and the farm-house were as the cinders which were jerked past the car window by an unseen hand.

So long was it since the wide world of travel had shown a glimpse of itself to Mrs. Fry that the morning passed swiftly, on account of the rapidly changing scenes through which the train fled along, and Serena was more nearly like herself than she had been since the invitation came. But noon brought a dismal rain, which drizzled down the windows and put the country in drab mourning, and discouraged nearly every one, especially Serena. Not thinking that she had changed her place, she felt certain that it was raining thus dismally at the Corners, and that Joshua would have to look after the cows in the chilly wetness, and return to an equally chilly kitchen and stove. Presently the indefatigable news agent, who had been all the morning firing alternate caramel packages and books at the passengers, threw a pamphlet into Serena's seat, and she idly picked it up and began to read the advertisements on the cover. As she did so, she let the book fall and gave a little cry of despair.

It was only an advertisement of some patented rat-destroyer which had met her eye, but it threw her poor heart into deep distress. Only the night before, when she had been arranging Joshua's provisions in the pantry, Mrs. Slemmons, the grocer's wife, had come to the door with a jar in her hand, the strings of her sun-bonnet hanging dejectedly in front of her shoulders.

"Here's that rat pizen I promised you," she said. "I thought likely Mr. Fry might find it useful while you was away; the emptier a house is, the more the mice likes it. When my Susan died, she wa'n't really buried before they was gallivantin' around her room. I'll sit it right here, Mis' Fry, for I can't stop; it's comin' on dark. You'll find it 'll make 'em go right off an' die every time."

Serena had noticed dimly at the time that Mrs. Slemmons had set her jar just in front of one of apple-butter which had been filled for Joshua and placed on the pantry shelf. Now, with the swift remembrance of this scene which the advertisement brought, came a dreadful thought.

She had not put the rat poison away!

It must still be standing there by the apple-butter, and Joshua—it made her sick to think of it—might take the wrong jar for his dinner. He might have done it already; probably had, and must be quite dead. Serena put her head down on the back of the seat in front of her, and let her troubled thoughts run on as they would. She wondered dimly whether the poison affected human beings as Mrs. Slemmons had said it affected rats, and made them "go off alone to die." She wondered whether it would do any good to ask the conductor to send word to Joshua not to eat any apple-butter until she should return. She imagined a message awaiting her at her nephew's house, bidding her come back to her husband's funeral. She thought of how she deserved all this punishment in return for going away and leaving him alone for the first time since their marriage. There came into her mind the words of the marriage ceremony, "What God hath joined together let no man put asunder," and she said to herself, "We 'ain't never been asunder before, and wouldn't be now if 'twasn't fur my wickedness." And while she sat so, of a sudden it grew dark and then light again, and the eager train was resting in the New York station.

A young man in a brown overcoat was inside the car in a moment or two, exclaiming: "How do you do, Aunt Serena? *So* glad to see you!" as he caught sight of the figure in the prim black dress of Miss Lamson's fashioning.

But Serena, as she let him take both her trembling hands, only said, "My dear boy, I've got to go back home."

"Home, Aunt Serena? Why, are you sick? You must come and let Susie take care of you."

"I ain't sick," said Serena, wearily; "and I'd be gladder 'n' you think for to stay with you, but I'm—I'm afraid somethin's happened to Joshua."

The room and the stove at Green's Corners were rather chilly, and whether the mice discovered it or no, Joshua found the house remarkably empty. He lingered long in the barn with the cattle, and when he came home, ate only a bowl of bread and milk, and then drew out the calico-cushioned chair and sat in it. There was not a sound anywhere except the voice of the old clock, saying, "Gone—gone! gone—gone!" with dreadful haste and perseverance. Presently Joshua dozed. It was twilight when he slept and black night when he awoke, and he heard the far-away whistle of the New York night express. He felt his way to the door, and went out. Why in the world he walked slowly toward the railroad crossing he did not know, unless the coming train seemed to him like a message from Serena, now safe in New York. He waited silently near the flagman's closet, while the red eye in the engine's forehead sent quivering light streams far down the track. Before Joshua knew it, the train had stopped. The conductor was standing on the ground, his lantern under his arm, helping some one out. Joshua went forward, and took her in his arms.

Serena could scarcely speak before they reached the gate. One by one the old familiar objects along the path broke upon her sight, though shrouded in the dark, with the sweet sense of awakened memory which comes to one returning home after long years of absence. At last she said, "Joshua, the apple-butter?"

"I 'ain't tasted it," said Joshua, putting a great arm around her; "but there ain't any manner of doubt but what it's all right. Don't you worry about *that*, S'rena. You're all tuckered out."

THE MODERN DICK TURPIN.

WHEN train robbery was in its infancy, it was infinitely more easy than to-day. In those times the cars were coupled together with a pin, as is seen now on freight-cars. The road-agents would wait until the train had stopped at some little country station selected for the scene of their operations, when they would loose the coupling-pin between the express and passenger cars, and springing up on the tender, command the engineer to "pull open the throttle." This command was emphasized by a rifle, and the engineer knew that failure to obey meant death. When the express car had been carried a sufficient distance, to where the "gang" was in waiting, the order would be given to stop, and then the robbers could do as they pleased regarding the contents. Such a course was adopted by the Reno brothers in Indiana, the town of Seymour being their regular operating-place. Engineers and messengers were killed at their post of duty, immense hauls of money made, until the railroad company abandoned the station, and ceased to stop there at all. Then the gang was driven over into Canada, and effort was made to extradite them, but the attorneys for the accused held that their clients would never reach the court-room alive, as summary vengeance had been meted out to other men of like character. Allan Pinkerton was in Canada on the trail of the outlaws, and while there was shot by their friends and paralyzed. At length Mr. Seward, then Secretary of State, promised that all means would be used to protect the men, and bring them to a fair trial; so the Renos returned to this country, and were lodged in a strong jail. But the citizens were aroused, and one night a mob assailed the jail, and the prisoners were hung in the building wherein they had been placed.

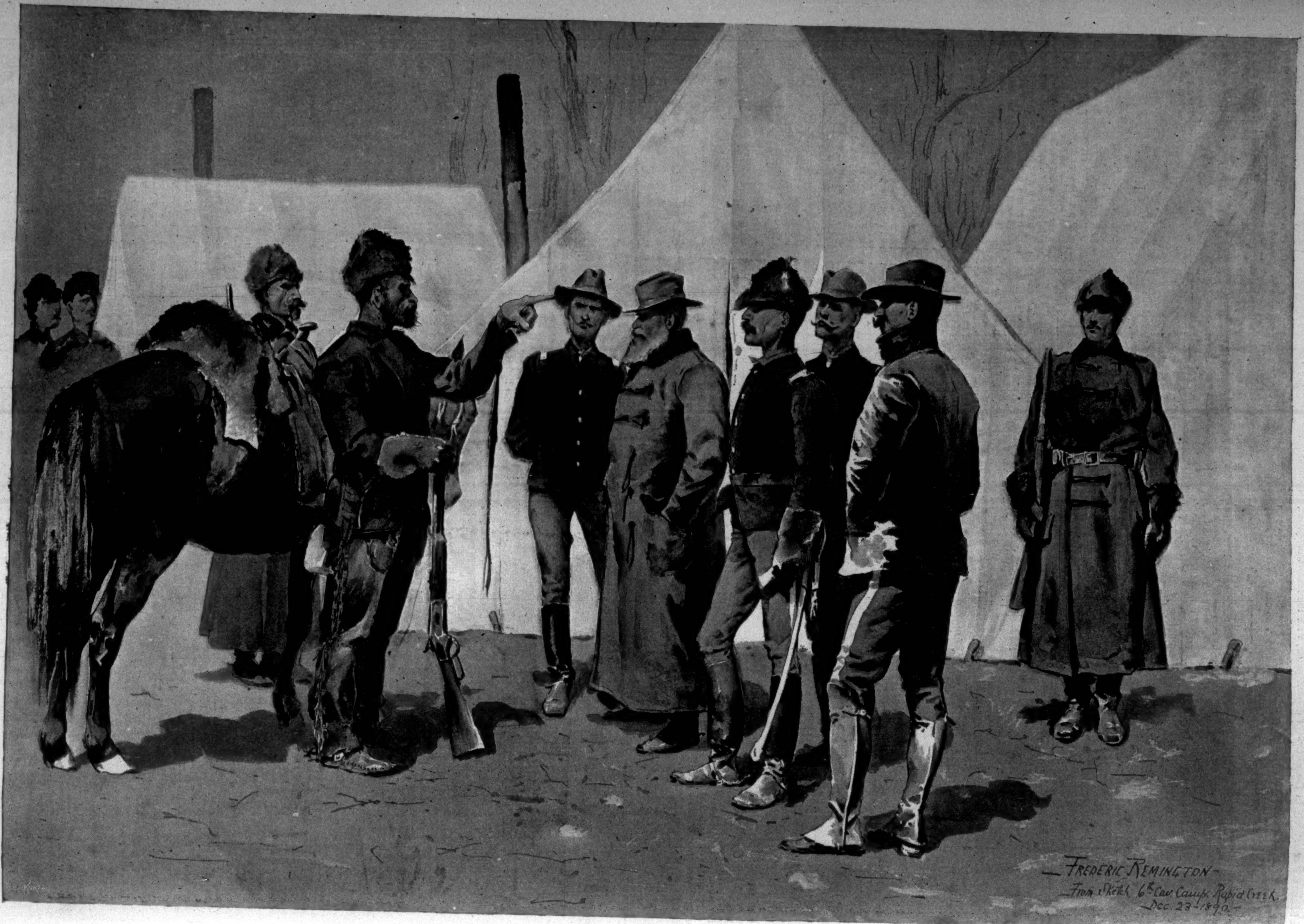
The detectives Pinkerton have been the means of running many of these fellows to earth, and many of their men have been killed by the bullets of the robbers. On one occasion a robber by the name of Farrington, a member of a strong gang, was run down by William Pinkerton. He had assisted in a train robbery, and the detective was to take him to Memphis for trial. The agent at St. Louis feared that he would be lynched, and objected, but Pinkerton promised to use all precaution, and took a Mississippi steamboat. While going down the stream, the detective and his prisoner were standing by the guard rail. Both wore long ulsters, and suddenly the robber, holding his manacled hands together, dived into the detective's pocket and hauled forth his pistol. There was not a moment to lose. Quick as thought, Pinkerton caught the other under his chin with his fist, and the man rolled over into the river. There was nothing else to be done.

Everybody remembers the James and the Younger brothers, who held their territories paralyzed by fear, and not until they went forth to pastures new were they captured. But these men did not confine themselves to trains. In a train robbery the safe of the express messenger is the objective point, although very often the robbers have incidentally relieved the passengers of their valuables. And, strange as it may seem, one man has held many a car-load of passengers at bay, while his accomplice has collected tribute. Often have the men thus robbed been armed, but as often have they refrained from shooting. The reason given is that when the train is attacked, the robbers begin by a fusillade that throws everybody into a panic; they also know that no mercy is to be looked for. A laboring man, who happened to be in a car that was boarded by robbers, obeyed the injunction to hold up his hands, but he also held up a mason's trowel that he was carrying, and the robbers, supposing that it was a pistol, shot him dead on the instant. Whether they become panic-stricken, or are afraid of the consequences, it is hard to say, but it is a fact that one man may subdue a dozen other men, and work his own sweet will regarding them.

The papers of late have reported an unusual lot of train robberies in all sections of the country. The trains have been stopped in some out-of-the-way place, and the express car looted. Obstructions placed on the track have caused the engineer to stop, and then the robbers, who have been in waiting, have come forward and accomplished their desire. Dynamite has been used to blow open the doors of the express car, after which the messengers have been compelled to open their safes. Again, the robbers have boarded the trains at different points as passengers, and when a secluded spot is reached, the bell-cord has been pulled, and the seeming passengers have come forth in their true light. As a rule, however, the men are disguised, as shown in the picture, where part of the gang has come forward to watch the engineer. A late example of the dangers of train robbery has been illustrated in the arrest of the leader of the men who robbed the San Francisco train at Glendale, Missouri, on November 30th, and got away with $70,000 from the Adams Express messenger. Robert Pinkerton, the noted detective, at once started to unravel the mystery that enveloped the robbery, and the leader was arrested, having been followed from St. Louis to the Pacific coast, just one month after the deed was committed. This is very quick work, and shows the danger that the robbers run. In this case it was Adams Express Company that developed a great desire for the apprehension of the bandits, for their messenger was robbed, which is not always the way. Robbers have been known time and again to leave untouched the Adams Express package, while the safe in which the other valuables have been stored has been cleaned of all else.

The truth is that the robbers are afraid to take the money that is in charge of Adams Express Company, for they know that they will be hunted down for years. The company has the reputation of being most unceasing in their search for the criminal, and a like sum to that stolen will be spent in prosecuting the case. Whenever any money is lost by them, the Pinkerton detectives are set to work at once, and all trails are followed unceasingly until the criminal is captured. The robbers know this; they know that there may be a hundred thousand dollars within their grasp, but they will decline to take it, for capture is almost assured. There is no place in the world where they can go with the assurance that they will not be followed. This last capture proves the certainty, and they do not care to take the risk. The messengers are brave men, as a rule, and many a one has lost his life in discharge of his duty. As the express company is quick to punish, so is it to reward, and on one occasion a messenger was presented with a thousand dollars for his bravery in defending the property in his care. Soon after this, another express car was boarded by a masked man, and the messenger made to open the safe, from which everything was taken. As the robber turned to go out, the messenger shot him from behind, and when the mask was lifted, the dead man proved to be the messenger lately rewarded for his fidelity.

All safeguards that have been devised for the prevention of train robbery have been overcome by the natural cussedness of man. There is really no prevention, unless the passengers rise to the occasion, which they have never done yet. The messenger may be willing to fight, but he has no show, and the engineer and conductor of the train are probably looking into the muzzle of a gun; so there is only the passenger to call upon, and he shows a degree of backwardness that is hard to be believed. When an obstruction is placed upon the track, the engineer has to stop to save his train; there are no two ways about it. And there have been cases where the track has been removed, so that the train may be wrecked to satisfy the greed of the robbers.


—FREDERIC REMINGTON—
—From Sketch 6th Cav. Camp. Rapid Creek.
—Dec. 23–1890.—

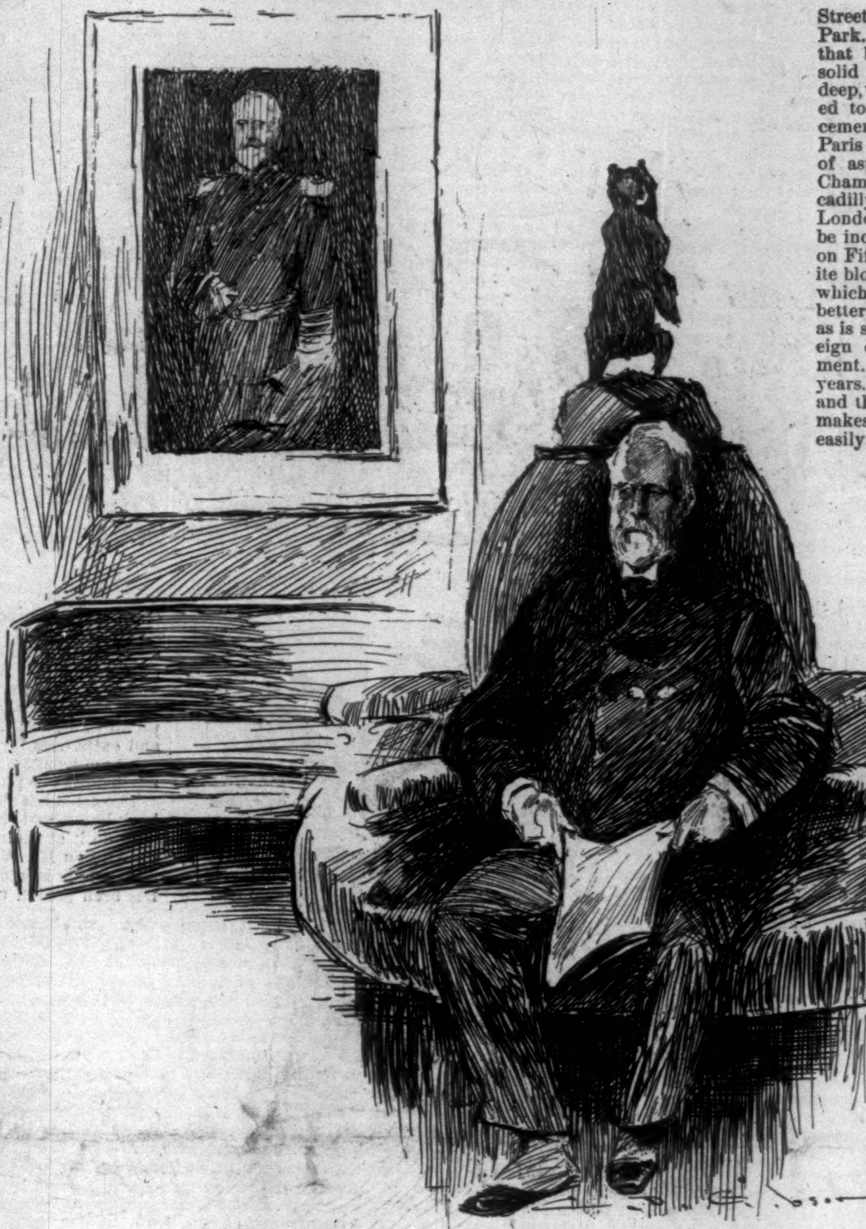
AT THE MOUTH OF RAPID CREEK—GENERAL CARR RECEIVING THE REPORT OF A SCOUT.—DRAWN BY FREDERIC REMINGTON.—[SEE PAGE 57.]

REAR-ADMIRAL CHRISTOPHER RAYMOND PERRY RODGERS, U. S. N.

REAR-ADMIRAL RODGERS, U. S. N. (retired), who died in Washington on Friday morning, January 8th, in the seventy-second year of his age, came of a distinguished naval family. His father, Captain Rodgers, was Acting Commodore commanding the South Atlantic Squadron at the time of his death in 1830; his father's brother was splendidly identified with the early naval history of the country, and rose to the rank of Commodore; his cousin, Rear-Admiral John Rodgers attained a distinguished rank both in the military and scientific branches of his profession; and his brother, Lieutenant George Rodgers, was a daring and able officer, who met his death in action. His mother was the daughter of Commodore Perry, and coming of such stock he could scarcely fail to make a distinguished place in his arduous profession. Admiral C. R. P. Rodgers was born in Brooklyn, November 14, 1819. He was appointed Midshipman in 1833, for at that period the naval school had not been established, and the *élèves* of the profession were obliged to learn their business by actual hard service at sea, often of the roughest kind. Young Rodgers was actively engaged in the Seminole war, 1839–41, part of the time in command of the schooner *Phœnix*. In 1844 he was appointed to be Lieutenant, and in 1846 he was attached to the blockading squadron on the coast of Mexico. He was in the trenches at the siege of Vera Cruz at the head of a detachment of marines and blue-jackets, and was present at the capture of Tobasco and Tuspan.

With the coming of the piping times of peace Mr. Rodgers engaged zealously in the scientific work to which his profession offers an introduction, and was in command of the *Bibb* and the *Gallatin* on coast survey duty in 1856–7, where he made a splendid record for efficiency and thoroughness. He was commissioned Commander in October, 1861, and was Fleet Captain of Rear-Admiral Dupont's fleet at the battle of Port Royal, and also headed the naval force in trench duty at the siege of Fort Pulaski. He commanded a fleet of gunboats occupying strategic points on the coast, stretching from Port Royal to Fort Pulaski, and conducted an expedition to St. Augustine and up St. Mary's River in March, 1862. He was appointed Fleet Captain on the *New Ironsides* in the attack of April 7, 1863, on the defences of Charleston. He took further part in all the operations of the South Atlantic Blockading Squadron in 1863, and in the fall of that year he was detached to the command of the steam-sloop *Iroquois*, and was on special service to the close of the war. He became Captain in 1866, and commanded the *Franklin* on the Mediterranean station in 1868–70. In August of the latter year he was promoted to be Commodore, and spent a year in Europe on detached service. On Commodore Rodgers's return he was on duty for three years at Washington as Chief of the Bureau of Yards and Docks, and was commissioned in 1879 as Rear-Admiral. He was at once appointed to the Superintendency of the Naval Academy at Annapolis, and it is to his zeal and efficiency that the academy was indebted for the splendid advance it made about this time in the character of its discipline and curriculum.

During two years (1878–80) the Admiral was in command of the Pacific Squadron; but, with the exception of this spell of sea duty, he remained in Annapolis at the head of the academy till he was retired in 1881. The closing years of Rear-Admiral Rodgers's life were spent at Washington, where so many veteran celebrities of both services have their homes. He was a member of many scientific societies, and in 1885 he presided over the International Conference held at Washington for the purpose of fixing a prime meridian and universal day. Admiral Rodgers had been for some time suffering with heart-disease, and an attack of indigestion on Christmas day caused the aggravated condition responsible for his death. He left two sons—Captain John F. Rodgers, U.S.A., and Lieutenant T. S. Rodgers, of the navy—as also one daughter.



THE LATE REAR-ADMIRAL RODGERS.
DRAWN FROM LIFE IN THE ROOMS OF THE METROPOLITAN CLUB AT WASHINGTON BY C. D. GIBSON.

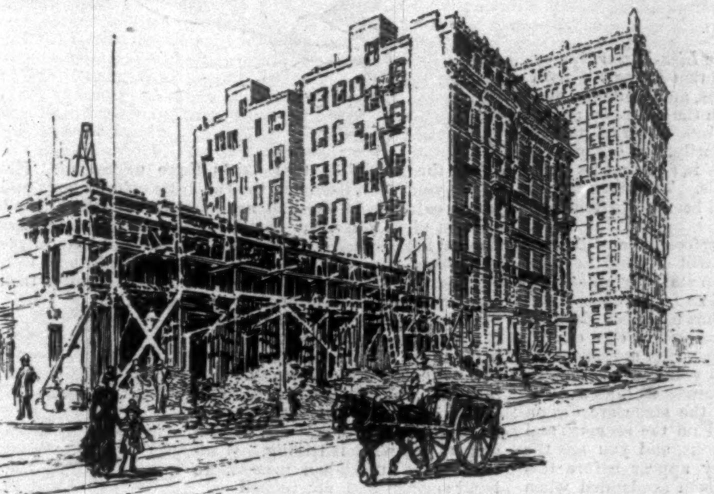
THE STREET OBSTRUCTIONS OF NEW YORK.

BY DAVID MILLIKEN, JUN.

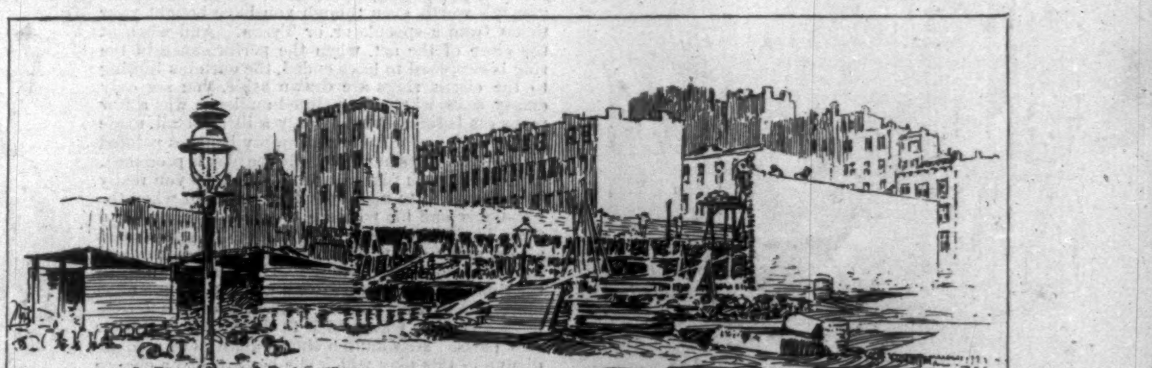
IN 1885 an association was formed for the purpose of preserving Fifth Avenue as a thoroughfare, and it is now proposed to convert it into an approach to Central Park worthy of it and of the city—to make it a driveway and promenade in which all classes will have pride, with restrictions as to its use, and a proper pavement free from the noise of traffic on stone. This the Legislature will be asked to sanction by a bill to be at once introduced, which will limit the traffic to vehicles for the carriage of passengers only, and provide for a wooden pavement from Twenty-fifth Street to Fifty-eighth Street, and a pavement above that to 110th Street similar to that on the roadways in the Park. Not the system of wood pavement that brought it into such disfavor, but a solid artificial stone foundation ten inches deep, with properly prepared blocks cemented to it, and the spaces filled with liquid cement. This is the pavement now used in Paris and London. It has taken the place of asphalt and stone in both cities. The Champs Élysées is paved with it, as are Piccadilly and the principal thoroughfares in London. The cost of laying it here would be inconsiderable, as the present foundation on Fifth Avenue may be used, and the granite blocks relaid in other portions of the city which must soon be repaved. It presents a better foothold than either stone or asphalt, as is shown by the recent tests made in foreign cities at the request of our government. There its average duration is ten years. Frost cannot reach its foundation, and therefore the wear of the surface only makes repair necessary, which can be very easily and economically accomplished.

The restriction as to traffic has become necessary only through the overcrowded condition of the avenue. But regarding this, the interest of the merchants has been aroused, and with true public spirit they have petitioned the Legislature in support of the improvement proposed. A very large number of the principal brewers, the retail dry-goods merchants, and all the leading shopkeepers above Twenty-fifth Street strongly favor it. They understand the delay in making deliveries and the inconvenience it will involve, but they believe it to be in the interest of the public, and gladly make the sacrifice. Therefore it is not in the interest of a class. The property owners on the avenue have not been consulted, for the reason that it belongs to the public, hence the demand for its preservation. In Chicago thirty miles of street are restricted in a similar manner, and all that is asked here is but a little over a mile and a half. With the architectural changes in building, which are rapidly changing the city into the most beautiful in the world, a great deal of attention should be given to the thoroughfares, for their condition and attractiveness tend greatly to increase values.

Another great benefit sought is the abatement of the intolerable nuisance of street obstruction by the deposit of building materials. Under the present regulation one-third of the street opposite a building under construction may be used. But it would be difficult to find an instance, if the street is used at all, where fully two-thirds is not taken. There is no necessity for such use, unless it be, perhaps, for the very heavy materials until the building has reached the first story. Brick, lime, and sand may very easily be delivered through shoots into the cellar, and as some builders regard the public convenience sufficiently to do this, showing that it may be done, it should be compelled by law. A committee of builders are now considering this subject, and some change may be accomplished.



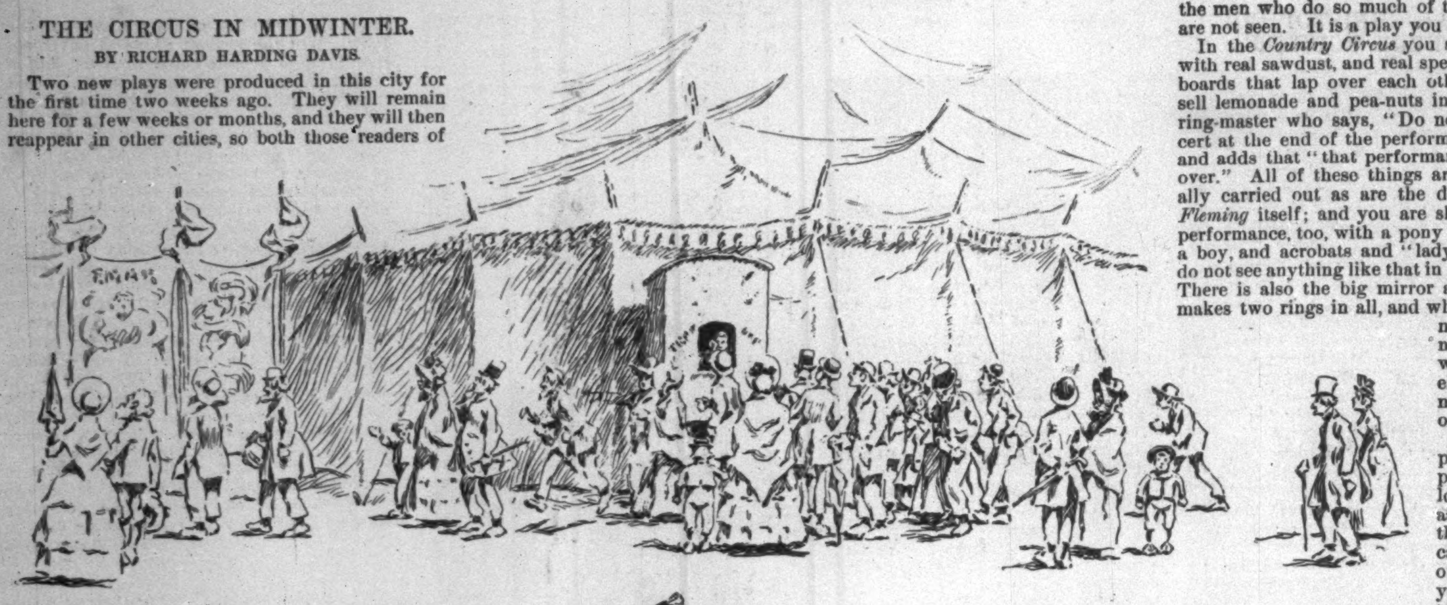
STREET OBSTRUCTIONS ON SEVENTH AVENUE, BETWEEN FIFTY-SIXTH AND FIFTY-SEVENTH STREETS.



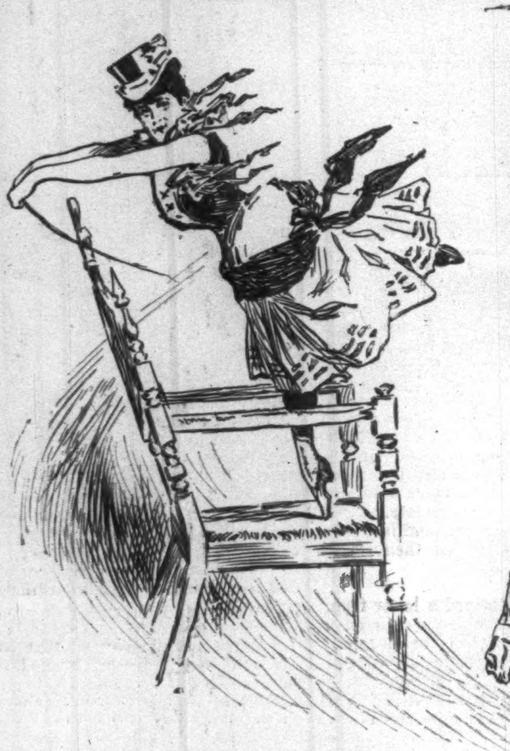
STREET OBSTRUCTIONS ON WEST FIFTY-SEVENTH STREET, BETWEEN BROADWAY AND SEVENTH AVENUE.

THE CIRCUS IN MIDWINTER.

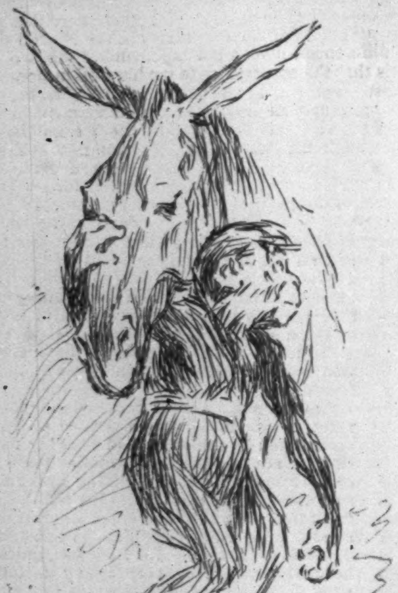
BY RICHARD HARDING DAVIS.



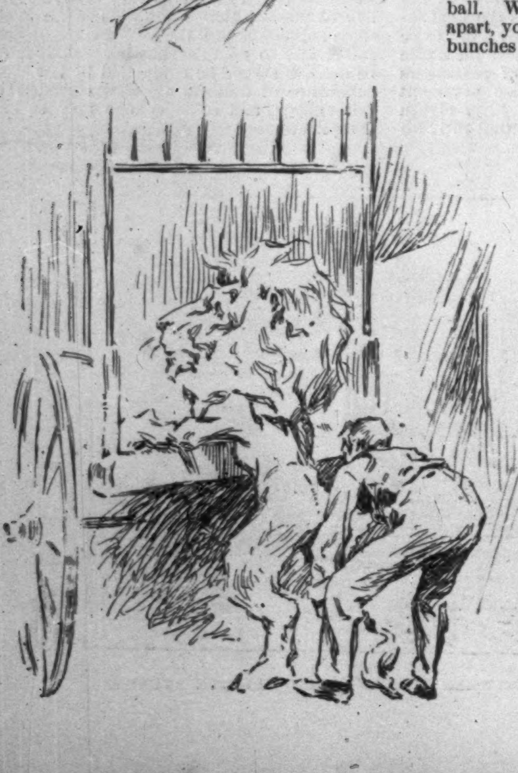
Two new plays were produced in this city for the first time two weeks ago. They will remain here for a few weeks or months, and they will then reappear in other cities, so both those readers of **Harper's Weekly** who live here and those who do not might read about these plays, and discover whether or not they are the sort of plays they want to go and see. The critics on the daily papers have told about them and criticised them to their own satisfaction and in their own way, which is a very good way when people want criticism, but not so good when they want facts. There are not more than ten out of a hundred of the plays that come to New York that are worthy of criticism; but you can not get the critics to see that, because that would give them very little to do, and they object to giving up work which entails their being paid to see things other people pay to see. But they might discriminate. When a man is offered a glass of old Madeira, he will, whether he knows anything about Madeira or not, hold it up to the light, and sniff at it, and sip it cautiously, and say, "Ah!" But if he is given a glass of beer, he will just drink it down, and not waste time in going through any critical formula.



The critics have told you that the *Lion-Tamer* is from the French of Jules Préval and Albert de Saint-Albin, and that the *Country Circus* is a domestic drama of New England life and character. But that is not what you want to know. What you want to know about a play is generally what you tell your friend about it the next morning, and you would not tell him that the *Lion-Tamer* was by Jules Préval and Albert de Saint-Albin, but that Francis Wilson played a lion-tamer with papier-maché lions, and made his first appearance by turning handsprings through the centre entrance. You would also add, if you had seen the *Country Circus*, that it was a play not of New England life primarily, but one with a circus ring and a mirror for a back drop in it, and that its lions were more like real lions than were Wilson's. That may not be criticism, but it is good enough for small-beer plays that are only meant to cheer and not to educate.

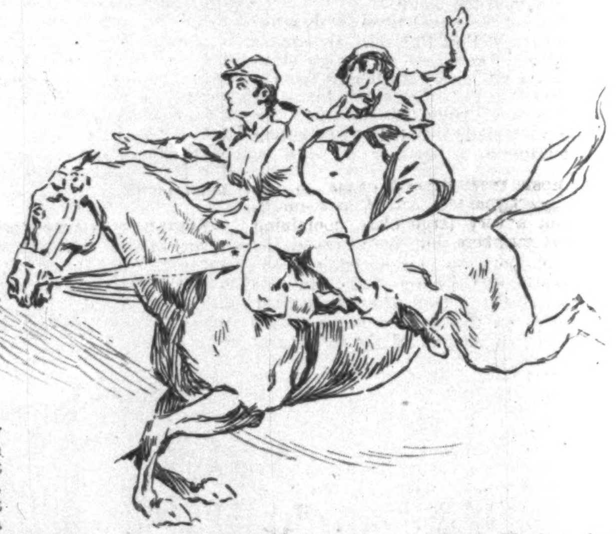


When Mr. Wilder draws pictures of a performance of Ibsen's *Doll's House* or Tennyson's new play, we will descend to criticism; but when he draws Miss Marie Jansen standing on one leg on a chair, we will stick closely to facts. The *Lion-Tamer* is the best of the three comic operas Mr. Wilson has produced since he became a star. The first act is in the dressing-tent of a circus, and that gives the chorus a chance to appear as acrobats and clowns and bareback riders, and makes, as you can imagine, as various and brilliant a combination of costumes as does a mask ball. When the curtains at the back of the stage are drawn apart, you see the other audience painted on the scenery, and bunches of lights, like those at a real circus, and you see the actors making up before they appear before this painted audience, and hear them applauded when they disappear to enter the ring, and see them go back again for encores, and come back again loaded with bouquets. All this is very new. It is like being allowed behind the scenes yourself, and you feel you are getting two points of view and your money's worth, even though you have bought your ticket from a speculator, or Tyson. And when at the close of the act, when the performance in the ring is supposed to have ended, the curtains leading to the circus rings are drawn aside, you see only empty seats where the painted audience was a few moments before. This is only a little detail, made possible by a new drop with empty benches painted on it, but it shows how carefully the play is produced. There is enough plot in this play to keep you really interested, and to make you feel very glad when the lion-tamer and his wife are reconciled again. And there is also a meeting of conspirators in a ruined abbey, and a circus procession with real horses and imitation horses on wheels. The costumes are of the time of the Directory, than which there are none more picturesque, and Mr. Wilson and Miss Jansen have several to wear which fit them as well as their new parts. Miss Jansen shows abilities as a comedienne in this play which she has not had a chance to show before, and is most charming and pretty. Richard Barker "staged" the play, and arranged the thirty seconds of complete darkness both behind and before where the footlights ought to be, in which the abbey changes to a public square, and deserves great credit for this and the way he has made the chorus handle themselves. People who go to see a play do not think enough of this, or of the men who do so much of the work, and who are not seen. It is a play you ought to go to see.

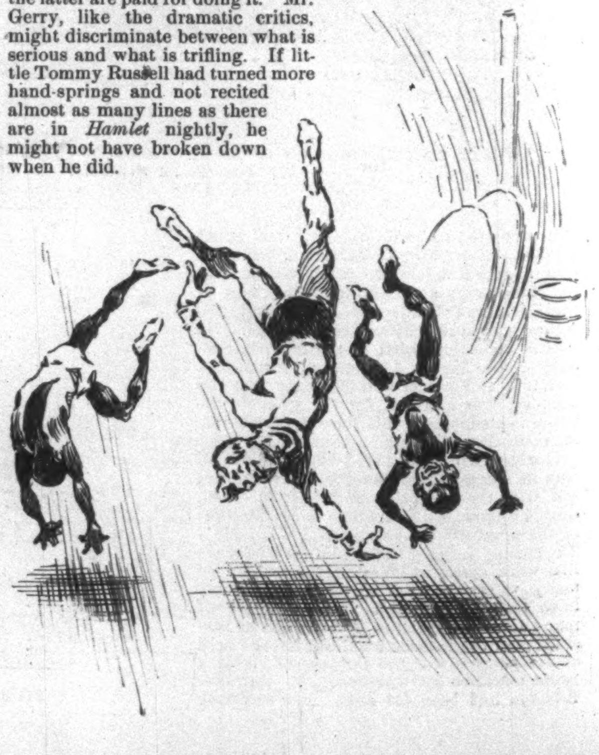


In the *Country Circus* you see the ring itself, with real sawdust, and real spectators on the blue boards that lap over each other, and men who sell lemonade and pea-nuts in little bags, and a ring-master who says, "Do not forget the concert at the end of the performance in the ring," and adds that "that performance is not yet half over." All of these things are just as realistically carried out as are the details in *Margaret Fleming* itself; and you are shown a real circus performance, too, with a pony that wrestles with a boy, and acrobats and "lady riders"; and you do not see anything like that in *Margaret Fleming*. There is also the big mirror at the back, which makes two rings in all, and which must give the management many nervous moments when they are travelling from one one-night stand to another.

There is another procession in this play, and it is as long and as varied as those you see in the street, and you can see a good part of it for nothing if you stand on Fourteenth Street any evening about nine, for it is so long that while part of it is on the stage, the last is forming outside the theatre. Mr. Crummles, who originated the tank drama by building a play around a tub and a pump with real water, would be proud of the *Country Circus*, which is built around a ring. Charles B. Jefferson, who did the building with the assistance of Mr. Barnard and the mirror, is very proud of it, and if it is not high art, it is worth a reserved seat and extra ones for any children, or grown-up children who like to grow young again at a circus. There is also a plot to this play, but not enough of a plot to interfere with its great and deserved success.



The artist has shown you Miss Jansen pretending to ride a bare-back horse, and the two real "lady riders" doing it in earnest, as they do it at the rival circus on Fourteenth Street. He has also shown you Mr. Wilson's lion as he appears before he gets into the cage, which is interesting, if only as proving that some one person has been behind the scenes at Mr. Wilson's performance, and escaped the discipline that exists there unscathed. He has also shown you Mr. Wilson and the two little colored boys making their joyful entrance in the first act. That is the way they looked on the first night, but never again, for Mr. Gerry decided against their turning hand-springs. There are a number of boys in gymnasiums and schools who pay German acrobats to teach them to turn hand-springs, and whose parents go to see them exhibit their prowess once a year. The difference between these white children and the colored children is that the former's parents have to pay to have them grow strong and turn summersaults, and the latter are paid for doing it. Mr. Gerry, like the dramatic critics, might discriminate between what is serious and what is trifling. If little Tommy Russell had turned more hand-springs and not recited almost as many lines as there are in *Hamlet* nightly, he might not have broken down when he did.



AMATEVR · SPORT

WHETHER THE YACHTING SEASON of '92 will develop anything in point of speed more remarkable than what the *Gloriana* showed us last year is a question on which yachtsmen are not entirely willing to venture an opinion, though one well-known yachtsman and designer is emphatic in the assertion that "*Gloriana* will be beaten out of sight." It should not be forgotten that *Gloriana* made her astonishing record in all kinds of weather and with every degree of wind. That her lines would be copied was of course foreseen, but with what success only the coming season can answer. However, whichever proves to be the fastest, whether the old *Gloriana* or one of the new *Glorianas*, there will certainly be some of the greatest yacht-racing on record, and a few disappointed enthusiasts, who are now diligently riding their pet hobbies.

WHATEVER THE DEVELOPMENT IN SPEED may be, the showing of new yachts is sure to excel anything we have seen since the days when Edward Burgess gave American yachting its greatest impetus. It is not in mere numbers that the result is likely to be so pleasing, for the new yachts building will probably not outnumber those of last year, but it is in the filling up of classes that have already been tried and found worthy of continued support. The last couple of years have been almost entirely devoted to experiments. In '89 the 40-footer occupied the entire attention of yachtsmen, and gave us some royal sport. Last year this class was just about forsaken, and the 46-footers absorbed all attention and a great deal of money. The strife for a racing-machine has kept yachtsmen and designers continually on the *qui vive* for some freak which might, by carrying out lines heretofore neglected, run away from boats which had not sacrificed everything to that end. The question of our drifting into the construction of mere racing-machines, to the utter disregard of the cruiser, has been mooted often enough to be considered ancient history. But the argument had, nevertheless, much to commend it to the serious attention of yachtsmen, and the signs, therefore, thus early of a growth in the more healthful and truly yachting direction is very encouraging.

THE MOST INTERESTING CLASS to the yachtsman last year was that of the 25-raters. It was not a very large class, containing only three members, but it furnished the best kind of sport, and, still better, gave the most practical object-lessons in the handling of a yacht. It gave every evidence last year of becoming a popular class, and the fact that it will be joined by four new boats the coming spring shows the signs to have pointed truly for once at least.

The casual observer will see in this class only the smart little craft that does daring work in a strong breeze and minds her tiller nobly, but the intelligent, far-seeing yachtsman recognizes in this saucy 25-rater a school for our amateur sailors such as he has never before enjoyed, and the surety of a drilling that will fill our yacht clubs with Corinthians second to none. Nor is it only in drumming the rudiments of seamanship into the heads of our yachtsmen that these little boats are praiseworthy. They may become the working and experimental model of certain lines which later, embodied in an enlarged form, will sweep the season's prizes. They are, in fact, very useful, clever little boats, and there is small doubt that the class will grow to be very large. *Smuggler* and *Nameless* had several close fights last year, but though there is no perceptible difference in their lines, the former made the better record, and in one or two instances showed up very favorably alongside much larger yachts. It remains to be seen whether *Smuggler* will be equal to retaining her supremacy. These boats were designed, by-the-way, by Mr. William Gardner.

THIS IS NOT THE END, however, of the good things we are promised for next season. There are many hints of what we may expect, but the pledge of secrecy appears to have been very generally taken. We hear of many yachts to be forth-coming, but the owners remain unknown. We are assured, however, of additions to the 35-footers, the 70-footers, and even a 90-foot schooner is talked of—or at least was talked of in Boston—by John E. Brooks, who used to own the *Montauk*. E. D. Morgan's 35-footer, building on the plans somewhat after the *Dilemma* type, is expected to be very fast, which of course acts as a strong incentive to the designers and builders of the new yachts in the same class for the best possible results. In the mean time the new 46-footer building for Mr. Archibald Rogers is progressing finely, and there is probably more speculation on the result of a contest between this yacht and *Gloriana* than on any other two in the country. The fact that both have been designed and built by the Herreshoffs lends additional interest to their showing, while the further fact that Mr. Rogers has secured Charles Barr as skipper proves him to be a sportsman with a very long head on his shoulders.

IT IS NOT LIKELY, moreover, that the racing in the 46-foot class will be confined to the yachts of Mr. E. D. Morgan and Mr. Archibald Rogers. There is a very large contingent of Boston yachtsmen that last season was much disappointed in the showing of *Beatrix*, but never lost faith in the last centre-board boat (the only centre board in the 46-foot class) designed by Edward Burgess. Notwithstanding her defeat, Boston yachtsmen to this day have a lurking suspicion that *Beatrix* can beat *Gloriana*, despite the very brilliant season of the latter. There was some talk in December of the Adams brothers, of Boston, contemplating the purchase of the *Beatrix*. Should they control her next season, she would unquestionably make an infinitely better showing than she did last, for the Adams brothers are sportsmen to the bone, and very able yachtsmen. It is quite likely that neither the *Beatrix* nor the *Oweene* was tuned up to the highest racing pitch last year, and though the latter on the season's record did nearly as well as the former, her best is very likely quite a little below that of *Beatrix*. There are also rumors of additions to this class from other directions, but they are too vague and enveloped in too much mystery to depend on.

PROBABLY NONE OTHER of the 46-footers of last year will be seen in any of the prominent races, unless their owners have them completely overhauled in the hope of developing speed. It is rather interesting to follow the career of an unsuccessful member of a racing class. The most startling and rapid change is probably the depreciation in value, and as the size of the yachts increase, the falling off becomes greater. The big schooners, for instance, show a tremendous reduction, and the transfer of such a one as *Constellation*, say, means the loss of a great many thousand dollars. Cat-boats and 30-footers hold their prices better than any others; in the former the difference is very small, while a 30-footer will bring within $500 to $600 of the original cost of about $3000 to $3500. The 40-footers cost originally about $8000, and some of them have been sold for nearly half that amount. *Maraquita* was in excellent shape when she sold for $4500. *Minerva* may be had for about the same figure, and she cost upwards of $7000. The 46-footers cost between $11,000 and $12,000, and what those that have been dropped from racing will bring in the market is hard to say—probably not more than $7500 to $8000; and on boats not more than a year old at that! The 53-footer *Clara*, which cost originally $12,000, sold last year for $6000. Steam-yachts hold their value much better.

SOME DAYS AGO we received a letter from a well-known college man with so good a suggestion that space is given for its reproduction: "Interesting statistics have been published showing the scores of the leading and some other teams (football), with a careful analysis of touch-downs, goals from the field, etc. I think no better service could be rendered than to publish a list of those disqualified during the season for slugging or other foul play, with a summary showing the total number disqualified from each of the important teams during the season. I believe the prospect of seeing such instances of unsportsmanlike conduct chronicled and summarized in cold type at the end of the season will deter the evil-minded and cause the hot-heads to reflect. This is not a pleasant duty to perform, especially as in some instances the umpire may have disqualified the wrong man. But I think its effect would be most salutary, and the few (and they are very few indeed) must suffer an undue punishment, for an offence committed under great provocation, for the general good of the game."

ALTHOUGH TOO LATE to gather any data, in running back over the season with one's memory of the games as sole guidance, the disqualifications and injuries were so few as to be worthy of comment. No year in my remembrance has a record of so few accidents and disqualifications for foul playing. The playing in the big games—Yale-Harvard-Princeton—was absolutely clean football, without the suggestion of slugging, and the men on the elevens at the end of the games were the same ones as at the beginning. Not a man was hurt either at Springfield or at the Manhattan Field. In the Yale-Princeton-University of Pennsylvania-Wesleyan games, the latter college was the only one that lost a player during the match from actual injury; and as for slugging, anything of the kind in the association games is not recalled. In fact, all the college teams played exceptionally clean football.

During the next season we shall keep a record of all disqualifications and injuries, in order to publish an intelligent record at the close of the year. What little has been gathered by retrospection of the season just past is sufficient, however, to show how greatly the game is improving, and how false are the assertions that it is necessarily a brutal display. The more advanced men become in the study of the game, the less and less grows the tendency to waste valuable time in roughing.

Apropos of football, in choosing the All America team and commenting on the players of the year in a recent issue, Lewis, Amherst's centre rush, was entirely overlooked. His play the last two years has been really brilliant, and he is unquestionably one of the best on the field in that position.

AMERICAN SPORTSMEN ABROAD have been joined very recently by Foxhall Keene, who has gone abroad to ride to hounds, and evidently, if the newspaper cables may be relied upon, has had an eye to increasing his racing stable, begun last year by the purchase of Tournament. Mr. Keene is also charged with the mission of making an international polo match for us. It is somewhat doubtful if he is able to induce the Englishmen to come over here again until we have made at least a pretence of reciprocity. There has also been some talk among our players of sending a team over this season, but unfortunately it seems just now little else but talk. Really there is no reason why we cannot send over a team, and certainly we owe it to the Englishmen. Many of our best players are men of means and leisure, and very likely our full strength could be mustered. Our team might not win, but it would gain immeasurably valuable practice. It is safe to say international polo will languish until we have had courage enough to beard the lion in his den. In the mean time the American colony of sportsmen abroad continues to grow. What with Foxhall Keene buying race-horses and riding to hounds in England, W. K. Thorn playing polo and following the hounds at Pau, and Ollie Campbell playing tennis at Cannes, the American Eagle is likely to get at least one or two opportunities to scream.

THE COMING BENCH SHOW of the Westminster Kennel Club, to be held in Madison Square Garden, February 23–26, promises to bring out the finest lot of dogs that has yet been exhibited. Every year of the last five has added greatly to their quality and number, but the last two were particularly noteworthy. It would be difficult to estimate just how much the Westminster Kennel Club has done for the owners in this country by its encouragement and example. Aside from the magnificent lot of pointers from the Hempstead Farm Kennels, in which Duke of Hessen stands out most prominently, we shall see a fine lot of mastiffs from the Flour City Kennels of James W. Whitney, which will include champion Ilford Chancellor, champion Lady Coleus, champion Lady Dorothy, Cardinal Beaufort—which has never been shown in America, and, though only twenty-three months old, is considered by Mr. Whitney to be the best dog he owns—and Caution's Own Daughter, which has never been beaten but once at the New York show. The Maumee Kennels of J. E. Dager, Toledo, will send on their Llewellyn setters, that have made so great a record in the Southern Field trials, Toledo Blade and Cincinnatus.

E. B. SEARS'S WYOMING KENNELS of St. Bernards will be headed by that grand dog Sir Bedivere. The Park Kennels of Irish terriers will show the great Dunmurry, and among others, including Boxer IV. and Hanover Boy, a couple of recently imported ones that have attracted a good bit of favorable comment. Besides these they will show the black-and-tans Salisbury, Jasper, Queen III., and Louie, and the Japanese spaniels Nanki Poo, Yum Yum, Yum Yum II., and Darkness, all winners at the principal shows. Mr. August Belmont's fox-terriers, headed by Rachel, will be as invincible as ever; last year they were exhibited, but not entered for competition. The collie Squire, from the Seminole Kennels, will be seen, as well as Mr. Sanford's poodle Styx. The entries will probably be very numerous, owing to the extra inducements of the prize list. In this respect the Bull-Dog Club is making something of an effort for a particularly good exhibition by offering $1000, to include five silver cups, silver medals, and cash prizes, to be given as specials in classes in which members have entries. The special prizes in the collie class will be the Collie Club Produce Stakes, the Futurity Stakes, and the Grand Annual Collie Sweepstakes. The $300 Westminster Challenge Cup, the $50 Taunton Challenge Medal (gold), and three silver challenge cups valued at $150 and $100 will be offered in the mastiff classes, while the English setters will compete for the $100 American Field English Setter Cup. The American Fox-terrier Club's $300 challenge cup will excite very close competition, and there will be also a Pug-Breeders' Challenge Cup for the admirers of those ugly little beasts. Besides this, there will be special prizes offered by the Westminster Kennel Club for best dogs and kennels of four.

THE JUDGES HAVE BEEN chosen as follows: St. Bernards and Newfoundlands—Miss A. H. Whitney. Mastiffs, great Danes, blood-hounds, Russian wolf-hounds, deer-hounds, greyhounds, fox-hounds (English), poodles, bull-dogs, all terriers, dachshunds, toy spaniels, Italian greyhounds, and pugs—George Raper, England. Pointers, English setters, and Chesapeake Bay dogs—J. M. Tracy. Irish setters—William Tallman. Gordon setters—Dr. H. Clay Glover. Field, cocker, clumber, and Irish water-spaniels—A. C. Wilmerding. Collies—A. D. Lewis. Beagles and bassett hounds—R. F. Mayhew. Miscellaneous—Messrs. Raper and Mayhew. Dr. H. Clay Glover, veterinarian.

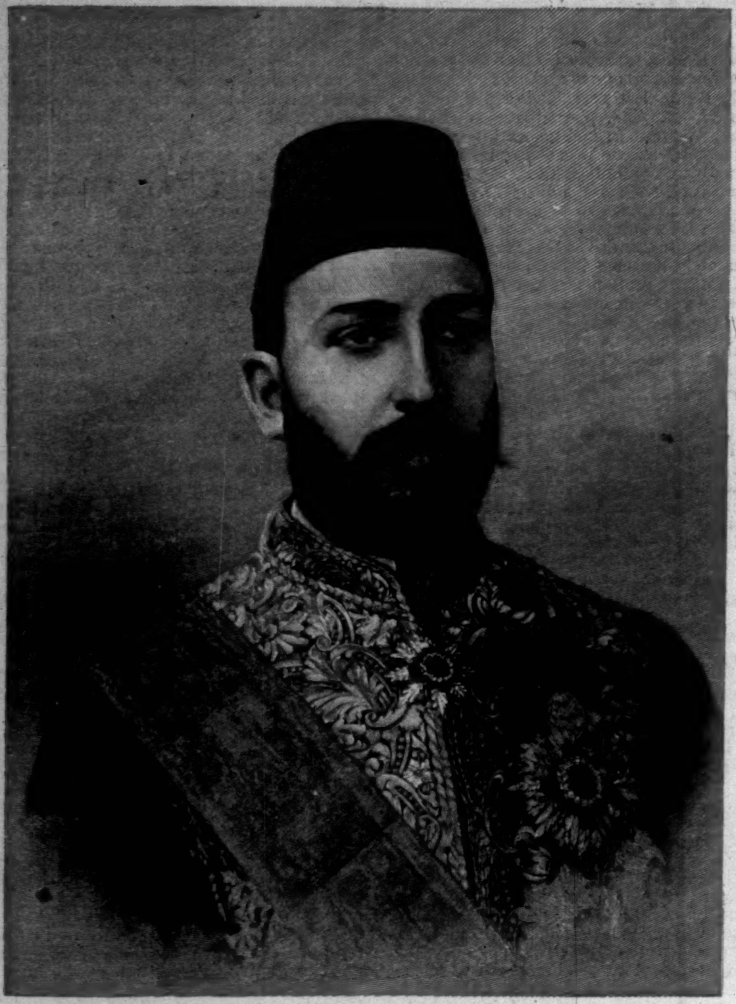
THE MANHATTAN ATHLETIC CLUB'S determination to discountenance the semi-professional slugger is highly commendable. Like the New York Athletic Club, it has concluded to throw aside all attempts at masquerading, and hereafter openly hire professionals for these entertainments. That such a course was inevitable has long been apparent to those who follow these matters carefully. The declaration by the N.Y.A.C. a year ago that these so-called amateurs would not slug for medals, and that they openly demanded money, showed conclusively the rottenness of the amateur government in this direction, and the disgrace of permitting such men to be classed as amateurs. Many changes in public opinion have come to pass in the last year. Mankind—at least that part of it which we see at these slugging matches—has not changed one particle. It is quite as fond of a good slugging match, with an abundance of gore, as ever it was; but club governors have finally realized that the purity of amateur athletics and the respectability of their club demanded a riddance from the slugging parasite. Slugging matches are all right for those that enjoy them, but not under the guise of amateur contests. The New York A. C. first, and now the Manhattan A. C., has done a yeoman's service by pitching the alleged amateur out-of-doors. He has been cheating honest professionals out of money that was rightfully theirs, and giving the good sport of boxing a most unsavory reputation.

AND THAT CALLS TO MIND the new set of boxing rules which the Boston Athletic Association is about to try in order to dispense with the objectionable feature of slugging. There has been a great display of ignorance on the subject of boxing and indifference to the possibilities of so good a sport in many of the criticisms made on the B. A. A.'s departure. But the B. A. A. is on the right track notwithstanding, and should have the earnest co-operation of all its members. To yield boxing to the tough elements and to permit it to degenerate to mere slugging is an outrage. And yet that is what we have been doing in New York. While there are many club men who box and keep up their form, none of them are ever seen in public, and for two reasons: first, the sluggers have monopolized all public boxing; and, second, the spectators seem to have acquired a taste for bloody displays, and neither appreciate nor care for scientific sparring. So long as blood flows, it makes very little difference how the men start the flood. It is this as much as even the slugger element that has discouraged the appearance of members at club entertainments. It is utterly silly to say that clean scientific sparring means an exchange of love taps. Clever straight hitting is harder than windmill landing. The difference between the exponents of the two is that the one gets up to try his skill in honest clean boxing, while the other faces his opponent with the one idea of knocking him out. The sure way to elevate boxing is through the participants. Gentlemen will never require stringent rules to prevent their landing on an opponent with the unpadded part of the glove, or doing anything else foul. It would take many years of breeding up to inculcate the same principles into the illustrious members of our slugging clubs.

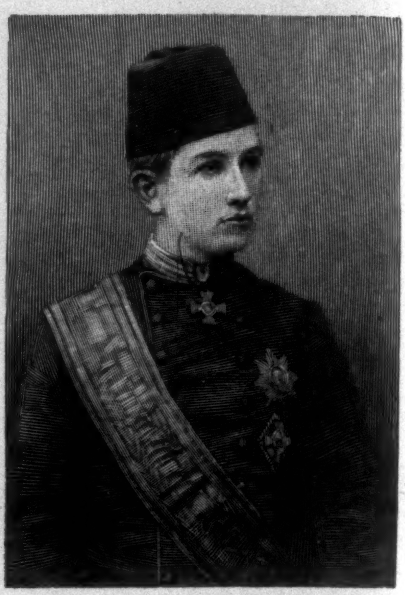
THE PERVERSITY OF MAN certainly passeth all understanding. It does seem as though the Harvard Athletic Committee had a *penchant* for doing absurd things that make it the butt of ridicule among college men generally. One might naturally suppose that some profit would remain of past experience, but evidently the H. A. C. does not propose to be hampered by either tradition or good judgment. The desire to enter into friendly relations once again with Princeton was most sensible and entirely natural, but to attempt to legislate the orange and black into a series of arrangements that absolutely ignored Yale, was utterly inane. The delegation that came down here from Cambridge to meet Princeton's committee was literally bubbling over with reciprocity. It proposed to play Princeton football here in New York on *Thanksgiving day!* and, moreover, give her the baseball date at Cambridge which heretofore has been Yale's! Princeton and Harvard were simply going to revel in one lasting brotherly embrace. But they did not, *i. e.*, to such an extent. Princeton had too much good sense and consideration for Yale to be drawn into such an arrangement. Therefore it was finally decided that the three captains meet and arrange dates for the year. The most sensible course, by far. If the Harvard Athletic Committee will accept a piece of well-meant advice, it will, in future, have less to say, and give its captains a chance to say a few words.

IT IS TOO EARLY to make any intelligent comment on the baseball outlook at the colleges, or say what Harvard and Yale crews are likely to be, as the college term has only just opened. Yale has elected J. A. Hartwell to the captaincy of her crew, and it goes to show that the boating prospects at New Haven are not the most roseate, or a graduate would not be called on to fill the office. Hartwell is a first-class oar and a strong oar, if he can keep from getting too fine at the end of the season. From the present outlook he has a difficult task cut out for him, as Balliett is the only sure man of last year's crew. At Harvard Captain Kelton begins with Cummings, Newell, and Rantoul. Vail and Lynam will both be in college, and are possibilities. Candidates are fairly numerous, but, with a few exceptions, untried.

CASPAR W. WHITNEY.



TEWFIK PASHA, LATE KHEDIVE OF EGYPT.



ABBAS PASHA, ELDEST SON OF THE LATE KHEDIVE TEWFIK, Appointed by the Sultan Khedive of Egypt, without Regency.

TEWFIK PASHA.

Though Tewfik Pasha, Khedive Viceroy of Egypt, whose pale life glimmered into gloom last Thursday, was a follower of the Prophet Mohammed, there is a part of one of the commandments handed down to the Prophet Moses of which he doubtless realized the verbal inspiration. It is that which comprises the whole modern theory of heredity in the words which "visit upon the children the sins of the father."

Papa Ismail had yachts; and Suez Canals; and visits from Eugénie, Empress of France not alone, Empress of the world of beauty and fashion; and operas by Verdi—the only thing of Ismail's ordering, by-the-way, which will survive is the music of *Aïda;* and American military officers; and a high court of high-priced jurists from all over the world; and the love of his people; and the wondering admiration of Nile tourists; and everything, in fact, that several hundred million borrowed dollars, at fifty per cent. discount, could buy in the hands of a man whose Oriental imagination had been both stimulated and educated by a long Parisian residence.

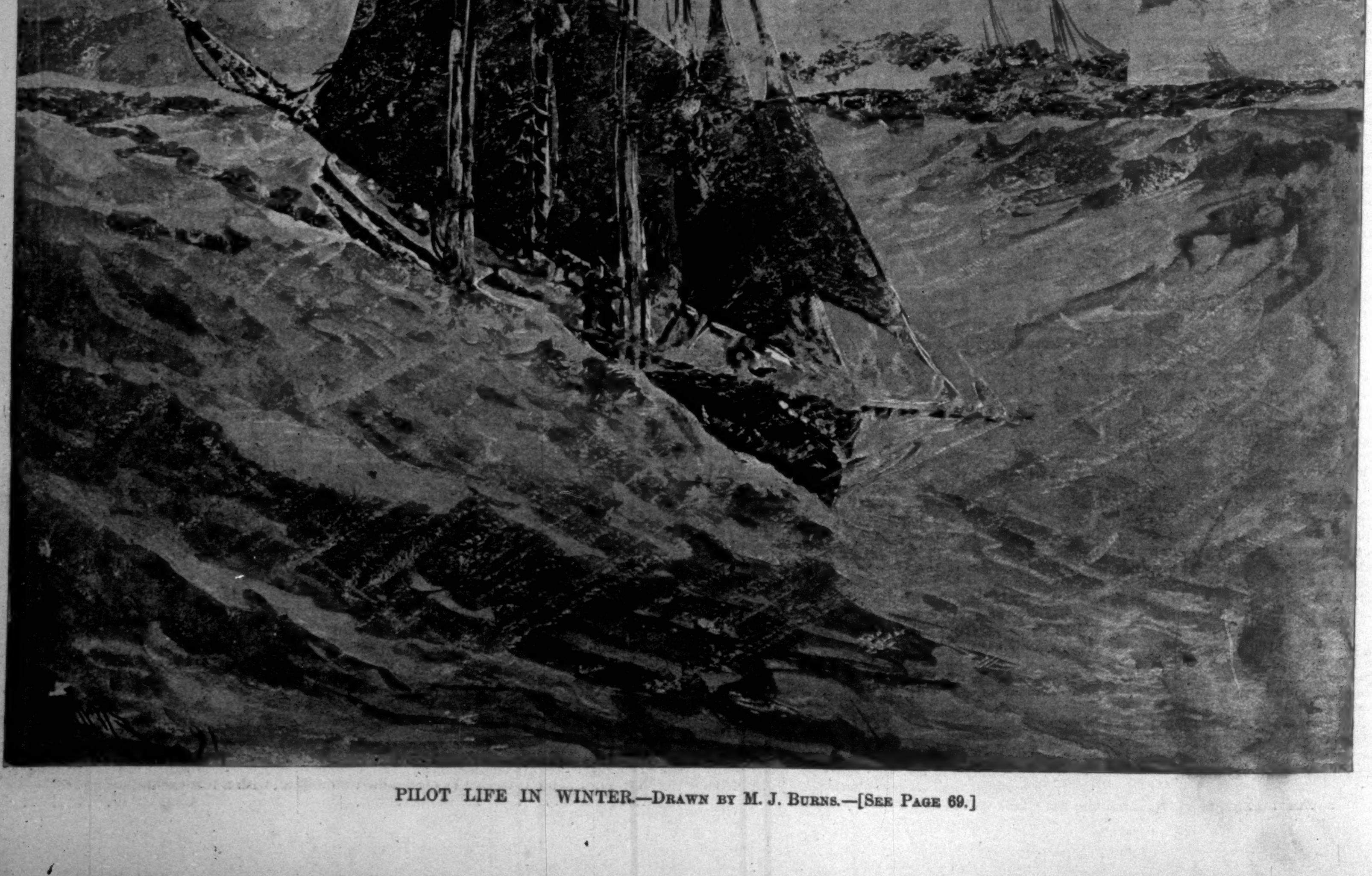
Son Tewfik had his people's hatred, one wife, no operas, no canals, no American military staff, no polyglot jurist staff; visits from El Mahdi instead of Eugénie, lessened territory, narrowed revenues—all that the young lord whose predecessor on the estate has been a splendid spendthrift in the hands of usurers has and has not.

If we look at him in this light, as a plain matter-of-fact son of a gorgeous sire, who settles down to pinch himself in order to pay off the mortgages and free the estate, we can find something admirable in his thirteen years of sovereignty and his forty years of life. His very taking off was in keeping with this rôle. An Oriental monarch who should by precedent have died of assassination, cholera, bowstringing—or old age, like his famous great-grandfather—he perished of the essentially unromantic and rather *bourgeois* malady of grip.

It is a short but memorable dynasty which is now represented on the Khedival throne by Abbas Pasha, a lad of seventeen, whose disposition to take or not to take his British medicine may plunge all Europe into a war; the sure participation of England and the crippled condition of Russia making it the best chance that the Dreibund will ever have to administer a crippling blow to the hybrid union of Muscovite and Gaul. We associate Egypt with antiquity, stability, a conservatism of misery, and our land with newness and change. But Washington's work in freeing the country, and Hamilton's in founding the government of these United States, was done before Mehemet Ali, founder of the Egyptian dynasty, left his little tobacco shop in Cavala, Albania, to march as a subaltern volunteer against the French invader of the Sultan's vassal state of Egypt. The French invader was Napoleon, then about to found his dynasty. It was just a little while before another stirrer-up of things, Bolivar, set the South American pot to boiling its Spanish lid off. A great deal of work was being done or about to be done in the way of changing maps and governments, and the work done by the Philadelphia Convention of 1787 was the only work of it all that lasted.

Tewfik Pasha was not born in the purple. Mehemet Ali, when he crossed the isthmus, and wrested the Sultan's Asian possessions from him, and was only restrained by the combined powers of Europe from transferring the seat of Mohammedan empire from Constantinople to Cairo, had seated his line on the throne of Egypt, but had not adopted the European custom of primogeniture. So when Tewfik was born, on November 19, 1852, of a Circassian slave, his father had three lines of cousins and uncles between him and the Khedivate. One was Abbas, the Khedive, a tyrant, and, like Ismail, a grandson of old Mehemet. He was mysteriously assassinated in 1854, and no one sought to clear up the mystery. His uncle Said succeeded him, and then another uncle, Achmet, having been killed in a railway accident, Ismail became the heir-apparent, and in 1863 the Khedive.

One of his first steps toward the Europeanizing of Egypt, in which direction his predecessor Said had proceeded more cautiously, was to prevail, with an increase of tribute, upon the Sultan to allow him to introduce primogeniture into the succession. This was not for Tewfik's benefit. He had four brothers—four not of slaves, but wives—and as these were educated in Europe, while Tewfik was left to native breeding, there is no reason to believe that Ismail ever intended the Circassian's son to sit upon his throne. So his youth was passed in a Cinderellan obscurity, from which he only emerges in 1867—when Eugénie opened the Suez Canal, in her low-cut, white-flounced lavender dress, and her hat with a big black feather—to be dubbed



PILOT LIFE IN WINTER.—Drawn by M. J. Burns.—[See Page 69.]

"Prince Toothpick" by a jocular British tar. Then he married the Princess Emineh, July 18, 1873, and declined to marry any one in addition—a stand which probably stirred a hearty contempt in the bosom of his august and uxorious sire.

The Princess Emineh made her friends among the English ladies of the European contingent. The Prince Tewfik had been brought up a native, and was supposed to be popular with natives. These are very likely the principal reasons why Lord Beaconsfield elected that his good friend and beneficiary, the Sultan, should announce Prince Tewfik as Ismail's successor shortly after the 26th of June, 1879, when the consuls-general of England and France waked up his vice-royal majesty at three o'clock in the morning, and served the dispossess notice of the English and French bondholders. Ismail had seen it coming, and doubtless would have bowstrung his heir if he had dared.

He was invested August 14, 1879. No monarch ever lived who was less a part of the great events of his reign than Tewfik, after having necessarily accepted the British, or, at first, British and French control. Arabi rose and fell in 1882. El Mahdi, in the three following years, buried in the sands of the Soudan Hicks Pasha and Gordon—the army of one, the garrison of the other. The echo of the fall of Khartoum crossed a sea, a continent, a channel; reverberated mournfully in the dome of St. Paul's; struck the Laureate's lyre into the last high strain of music; finally beat angrily into the houses of Parliament, and howled the Gladstone government from their seats.

But Tewfik, of the line of Mehemet, through it all was little more than a prisoner of state in his palace, guarded from the wrath of Arabi's devotees by a hedge of British bayonets. He has been blamed, and will be sneered at as the one absolute weakling of his dynasty. But it was not Tewfik who played such an unkingly part. It was simply the consequences of Ismail. The ignominy to which he was condemned was merely the visitation of the sins of the father.

His son Abbas, who succeeds him, was born in July, 1874, and is therefore not eighteen years old. If he be fired by the example of another youthful occupant of the throne of a great dynasty, there may be a beat of war drums from the Pamir to Newfoundland.

PILOT-BOATS IN WINTER.

Passing down New York Bay on a torrid midsummer afternoon, the superheated traveller may notice a trim schooner bearing upon her sail a large figure, and envy the open-air life of a pilot; but in winter it is quite different. The life of freedom may be an enviable one for six months in the year, but in winter the perils of a pilot more than offset any advantages that may be thought to be his. The life of a pilot is one of continual danger and responsibility. He has no choice in the matter, but must ride out storm and gale, and be on the alert night and day. His apprenticeship is long and hard, and he must prove himself capable and efficient before he receives his license; and after that must be ever watchful, for a single mistake may undo the work of years.

These stanch little pilot-boats go out beyond Sandy Hook for a hundred miles or more to intercept the incoming steamers. When a steamer is sighted, these boats bear down upon it and make their presence known. In daytime signals are easily exchanged, and the steamer may have picked up a pilot further out, in which case the schooner goes on her way again, cruising around in the track of the great steamship lines. At night the pilot burns a torch—a wick ball which has been dipped in turpentine and is held in a netting. By answering lights the pilot understands that he is wanted, and then the dory is lowered, and the pilot makes his way to the steamer, where he is hauled on deck. It is no small matter sometimes to venture upon the rough sea in a row-boat, and very often the pitching and tossing of the steamer make it difficult for the pilot to approach. When the pilot is at length hoisted on deck, he assumes charge of the wheel, and upon his knowledge depends the safety of the vessel and her passengers or freight. As he draws near to land he must know the lights that shine forth here and there, and be familiar with the buoys that mark the different channels at the entrance to the Narrows. He must know just where to stop off Quarantine and await the coming of the doctor—and everything, in fact, depends upon him. Oftentimes the steamers have to lay to in rough weather in order to wait a moment of calm, when the pilot may board the ship with safety; and it has happened on several occasions that the pilot of an outgoing steamer has been carried across the ocean, because the steamer could not afford to wait until the elements would permit of his regaining his boat in waiting.

Sometimes a pilot-boat has to put out to sea in the height of a gale; and sometimes, as happened during the great blizzard a few years ago, the boat and all on board are never-again spoken. Be the weather mild or rough, the veteran of many storms must be on hand, and the dangers of his calling are never ending. A pilot must be inured to hardship, and all of his crew able seamen, and the schooners that pass to and fro through the Narrows bear a complement of brave men and sailors.

THE KIDNEYS ARE DEVOURED

By the diseases that afflict them, if renal disease is not speedily checked. The finest diuretic is Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, which, without exciting, gives a healthful impulse to the action of those organs, and prevents their degeneration. The stomach and the liver are greatly benefited by the Bitters, which, moreover, prevents and remedies malarial complaints of all kind.—[*Adv.*]

A FEATURE IN AMERICAN TRAVEL TO SURPRISE THE FOREIGN WORLD-FAIR VISITOR.

From the general tone of the Eastern newspapers it appears Chicago had less wind in her boasts of making a real World's Fair than at first appeared. Even the New York papers are now giving the hustling work which goes on in the windy city publicity, and seem to realize the value of the lost plum.

It will be a revelation to many foreigners to be whirled over miles and miles of territory, surfaced with cities, towns, farms, and part wildernesses; yet it is safe to say that the American medium of travelling will surprise them as much. Imagine the expression of an English or French cousin stepping, after landing from the steamer, into the famous limited train of the Pennsylvania Railroad—the entire train vestibuled.

They will find a uniformed maid on this train, ready to do service to ladies and children, and an observation car as the sanctum for lounging and comfort. Men will revel in the cosiest of smoking and library cars, with daily and periodical literature before them, and bulletined as wired to the train the stock and business movements of the hour, while a stenographer and typewriter, whose services are entirely free, is at a desk close by to receive, transcribe, and dispatch letters and telegrams at their bidding. These letters may be mailed in a United States mail-box on the train provided for the use of passengers. The bath and barber apartments are the greatest of conveniences. Americans may well be proud of such a palatial link in train service to show off to foreigners. This World's Greatest Passenger Train will give foreigners ideas for profitable borrowing.—[*Adv.*]

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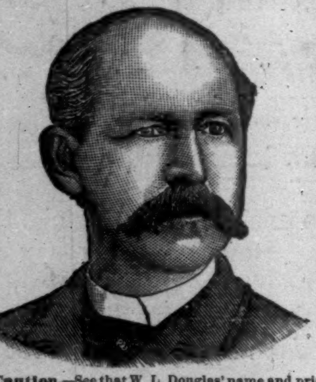

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'Twixt the shining steeps of joyance
  And the death-clear lake of ruth
A low land lies—a wonderful land—
  That knows not age nor youth.

Roses! roses! roses! anear, afar, they blow,
  All rarely pale, all richly red,
All white as the driven snow.

Red blooms for the lips of loving,
  And pale for the lips that sigh,
And shining white for the honest lips
  Unstained with a coward lie.

For they blow in the land of silence
  That lies by the lake of ruth,
And the soul that plucks shall walk unvexed
  In the fair green meads of truth.

IN THE PEOPLE'S PARLOR.

BY DAVID GRAHAM PHILLIPS.

The parks are the parlors of the poor, where the getting acquainted, the courting, and all the social functions are done. Every pleasant summer evening each park is the scene of a reception at which riches and fashion are not present, and are not invited nor wanted. For riches and fashion bring stiffness and formality with them. Only simple, unaffected, unmasked human nature is bid.

Laughter, sympathy, rudeness, harshness, are curiously mingled, and he who wearies of a dead level of conformity may come and watch the human heart, and get a new respect for it.

Those who are up in the world hide their misfortunes, griefs, shames. Those from the tenements proclaim and bewail the drunken son, the daughter gone wrong. First the tenement resounds with their sorrow, then the groups on the park benches hear of it. The benefits of this are three. All get a chance to exercise the best virtues of the human heart, and thus are made better. A flood of sympathy consoles grief, and prevents its growth, which concealment would compel. There is no chance for those ugly whispers and malicious jeers that corrupt the heart.

All of the small down-town parks are interesting. Some have a morbid effect, and should not be visited often. Others make stronger the belief in human nature. Of these latter is Stuyvesant Park, the parlor and reception *salon* to a great body of east-side artisans and well-paid laborers and their wives and children. And a right splendid *salon* it is, with pure air blowing gently through old and thickly leaved trees, with electric lights to throw pretty shadows on the grass and on the stone walks, with the starry night sky of summer for a roof.

Pleasant-faced mothers of a comfortable if not shapely weight gossip at ease. Lovers clasp hands and lean their heads close and closer in the shadier places. Children skip and dance and run about, shouting in the joy of youth and freedom. I have gone there many an evening, and I find it especially pleasant on Sunday evening. The sounds of the city are less frequent. The people are better content and better dressed than on other days. They have slept away the cares of the past week. They look forward without fear to the work to come.

In the evenings toward the middle of May I began to notice two people who came with unfailing regularity, and who were marked by taking no part in the general pleasure. The people about them were poor, and wore it with the grace of use. These two were poor with the poverty of descent.

The man was about forty years old. His clothes hung loosely upon him. They were well brushed, and as the light shone upon him the metal surface was seen at the edges of the cloth-covered buttons of his coat. His shoulders drooped toward his chest in a way that confirmed the suggestion of his hollow face. He wore a neglected gray mustache, which added to the drawn expression of his mouth. His deep-sunk eyes were restless with suffering and with the fear of death.

As he walked, shuffling and hesitating, he leaned upon his companion—a girl of seventeen, whose form was just rounding. She was thin, but apparently in good health. Her face was round, and her dark eyes looked from it pleasantly, although she rarely smiled and never laughed.

She wore the same gown always. It was plainly made of light brown wash goods, and fitted her with a certain grace. As the gown was clearly the only one she had, and as it was always fresh, she must have washed and ironed it nearly every day.

At first the two never sat upon the benches, but moved up and down slowly, the man wearing a heavy old overcoat. Later they sat, and the girl, who carried the coat upon her arm, put it about the shoulders of her father. The weather was warmer, and the sick man was too weak to walk long.

She did most of the talking, and it was plain that she was assuming a cheeriness she did not feel. The father listened, but his eyes wandered, and it seemed to me that the sight of the riotous, healthy children pained him as a breath of fresh summer air stings the face of a dying man.

Sometimes, when the girl was not looking, the father's eyes were fixed upon her with a burning gaze of sorrow, as though he were thinking of the time when she should be alone and defenceless. One evening he talked to her a long time. A woman with an unpleasant jauntiness of walk and boldness of gaze went past the bench where they were sitting. The father looked after her, and an expression of fear gradually stood out upon his face, until even the wreck of disease seemed not so great as it. Then he began to talk to her. She listened to him, with eyes steadfastly upon him. His arm went around her, and soon she was crying, with her head against his shoulder. As I passed them he was stroking her cheek, and saying:

"Poor little Edith! Poor girl!"

But there were times when they were more cheerful. It must have been caused by the mocking hopes his malady held out. Yet I think neither was ever deceived. They were simply each deceiving the other. In a thousand ways it was made clear to all who saw that the two had a great love each for the other, that they were alone in the world, that death in taking one would break the heart of the other. And all the pleasant-faced women, and even the thoughtless children, looked pityingly at them. The story was so plain and so sad.

I do not know when they quit coming together. I did not see them for two weeks. Then one Sunday evening she came into the park alone. She wore the same brown gown, not so fresh as before. The same hat, with a bunch of gay flowers, was upon her head. She walked with the hesitating, almost staggering step she had when she set her gait to the uncertain feet of the sick man. Now all his drooping sadness seemed transferred to her. Her face was thin and white. Her eyes were cast down, yet did not hide the grief that was behind them. As she walked toward the bench on which the two had always sat, she seemed to have been utterly wrecked in body and mind. Health, strength, hope, were gone. But she seemed to have shed no tears. The blow that had crushed her heart had stunned even grief.

It seemed strange that she should come back to this place where he had been with her so often; and it must have been that the only other place she could go was terrible with visions of a dead face looking up stonily from a narrow box.

She sat upon the bench, with her head bent, and her ungloved hands lying in her lap. A ray of light sifting through the leaves fell upon her hands and upon a black-bordered handkerchief. She could afford no black gown, no heavy veil of crape, nothing but this bit of white with its narrow sombre edge.

This Sunday evening the children were playing as usual. The air was warm and sweet to breathe. The faces of the little boys and girls were flushed and happy as they ran about. They hid behind trees, and leaped out with shouts and screams. The long hair of the little girls floated behind them. The babies tumbled and stumbled, weeping light tears and laughing by turns.

But the girl with the small sign of a broken heart in her lap seemed to hear and see nothing. She did not cry; she did not move. Once she put out her hand until it rested upon the empty bench at her side. She drew it back quickly and shivered. Once she half rose to go, but sat down again. Her face was dull, and she seemed to be trying to think rather than to be thinking.

A child stopped not far away, and watched her, while pretending not to do so. Another child came toward it, imitating the walk of a cripple.

"You should not do that," said the first child. "You might get lame some day."

The second child straightened, looked fearfully backward, then ran away. The young girl looked up for the first time, looked about fearfully, as the child had done, then let her head fall forward. The look of fear vanished quickly, but the dull look did not come back. In its place were bitterness and hardness.

Behind her and across the street, lights were shining in the great ivy-covered church. A voice as of some one preaching came faintly to the park when there was a lull in the voices of the children. Now, as the face of the girl grew hard, and as the line of her lips straightened, a new sound came from the church. It was the great organ uttering the low first notes of the closing hymn. At this sound the noise of the children ceased.

The music began soft and faint. It rose and swelled in a wave of tender melody. Then it died away. The girl lifted her head and listened. Soon the sound poured from the church again, swelling, rolling, then sinking to a sigh. When it came again, women's voices were mingled with it, chanting a hymn. At its fulness the blended harmony seemed to fill the whole air—to drop from the leaves, from the mysterious stars. The solemn roll of the organ, the clear tender chanting of the voices, swelled into a billow of peace and resignation. There was grief in it—the chastened grief of perfect faith. There was joy in it also—the exalted joy of adoration.

It touched the girl like a hand of love; it thrilled her like the voice of hope. As she listened she trembled, and her head slowly sank until her hands covered her face. She sobbed so that her whole frame shook; and the music, now faint, now deep and strong, poured a balm of melody upon her wounds. And as it soothed and comforted her, she lifted her face to the stars whence this hymn of peace seemed to come. She made the sign of the cross upon her breast, and her lips moved. Soon she was crying again, but softly, and the black-edged handkerchief wiped away her tears.

When the last note of the hymn trembled and ceased, she arose and went slowly away. Her head was bent, but in her step was the firmness of hope.

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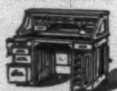

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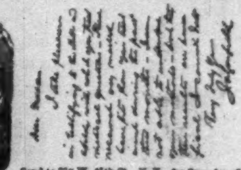

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